ALFONSO · THE · SAGE

BY · J · B · TREND

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J. Brittain

ALFONSO THE SAGE

AND OTHER SPANISH ESSAYS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A PICTURE OF MODERN SPAIN

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AND OTHER SPANISH ESSAYS

BY

J. B. TREND

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ἡ λίθος ἡ μικρὴ τῆς μεγάλης φιλίης

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INTRODUCTION

Ford and Borrow, who had a profound knowledge of the Spanish character, realized that Spain was above all things the country of the unexpected. The inquirer, therefore, who asks "What are things like in Spain now?" will not hastily believe all that sceptics tell him, and dismiss the latest military movement as one of those *pronunciamientos* which have so often happened before. Moreover, after two years, the Military Directory has quietly given place to a Cabinet with General Primo de Rivera as Prime Minister. The Spaniards (it was said) will never "take it lying down." To take it lying down, or at all events without being greatly moved, is exactly what nine Spaniards out of ten have preferred to do. They are waiting to see how it affects them individually, while they often speak of it with mild amusement or ignore it altogether.

The Spanish people may have no great liking for generals, but they were not sorry to see the last of some of those minor government officials, who would keep a queue of women waiting in the rain, for instance, while they might be seen talking and smoking in their offices. They would gladly see the last of some of the religious orders—particularly one of them; though it seems that the power of these has increased rather than diminished since the Directory came into power. Spaniards seem to be conscious that officials, generals, priests, and the very State itself, are transitory. In Spain it is not the institutions that are permanent, but the men

and women who suffer under them. To be a government official may be a privilege ; it is not regarded as an honour. The fact, then, that a committee of generals has dissolved Parliament and set up an unconstitutional government is less significant in Spain than it might be elsewhere.

Spaniards, for all their devotion to their country, have little sense of service to the State. A young man in a position to adopt any career he fancied might choose one of the liberal professions, the Diplomatic Service, or the Army. If he came from Barcelona or Bilbao he might prefer the family cotton-mill or shipyard ; if he belonged to the South or West he would probably decide to live on his income and do nothing ; but it would seldom occur to him to devote himself to the service of the State. It is, however, quite untrue to say that Spaniards have no corporate feeling. A military institution like the Corps of Officers is held together by a sense of duty, though dissensions are always possible ; educational institutions like the " Institución Libre de Enseñanza " and the " Residencia de Estudiantes " at Madrid are united by the memory and example of one man—Don Francisco Giner. Yet public life and politics have seldom been careers which attracted the best type of Spaniard ; and in the long, mismanaged tragedy which is the history of modern Spain it is usually the public servants who have let the country down.

The present military movement must in no sense be confounded with Fascism. The *Fascisti* once saved the situation in Italy and have since achieved remarkable efficiency ; but their violence will not commend them in other countries. Their terrorist methods at home, combined with their imperialist policy abroad, are regarded by many Spaniards at the best as rather vulgar, and at the worst as an outrage on the civilization of modern Europe. General Primo

de Rivera has begun at the other end. He was known to be against further adventures in Morocco, and, had it not been for France, would probably have been content with making Tetuan and the coast as secure as might be, and leaving it at that. It is in the Mother Country that reforms are most necessary. Colonization, schools, development, are more needed in parts of Spain than in Morocco itself. As a soldier, the General has realized that, for example, the railway communications of Spain are curiously inadequate ; they are inconvenient enough in times of peace, but they would make the conduct and supply of a modern war impossible. Spain is a difficult and mountainous country ; the only double lines are those from Irun on the French frontier to Madrid, and from Madrid to Alcázar de San Juan, ninety miles to the south. The line from Barcelona to Madrid is single. From Vigo, the great Atlantic harbour, there is a circuitous single line to Madrid which takes twenty-four hours to traverse. From Valencia, the nearest seaport to the capital, there is no direct line at all. Málaga, Cadiz, Algeciras, the ports of embarkation for troops and supplies for Morocco, are all served, as far as Córdoba, by the same single line from Madrid. Public services in Spain are seldom as inadequately organized as this ; they are, if anything, over-organized, like the Post Office, which has never understood that organization is not the same thing as efficiency. One striking reform, however, the Directory has accomplished : Spanish trains are now running strictly up to time.

More urgent still is reform in education. Not only are more elementary schools needed, and more thorough inspection, as Spanish liberals realize. It is essential that teaching in both primary and secondary schools should be better paid and less

mediaeval than it often is at present, more calculated to make children and others think for themselves than to discourage thought and stifle curiosity. Again, the regulations of Public Libraries controlled by the State, though they give great and welcome facilities to foreign researchers, place every imaginable obstacle in the way of the young Spanish students whom it should be their first duty to encourage.

The chief difficulties of the new administration come from Catalonia ; for the Catalan is the one man in Spain who will not take things lying down. Not every Catalan is a separatist, or even a federal home-ruler ; while no one can hate the Syndicalists more than the people of Barcelona, who suffered most from their outrages. The Syndicalists seem to have been thoroughly frightened by the arrival of a government which means what it says ; and the days seem to have passed when two or three employers in Barcelona were shot every week. Yet the question of conscription may have to be faced, to clear the Army of " undesirable elements." Conscription is loathed by all Spaniards, and the period of compulsory service, so far from promoting education, hygiene or national solidarity, accomplishes little but the spread of venereal disease. The " Catalan Question," of course, is a question of sovereignty and of economic relationship ; it cannot be settled by issuing army orders. General Primo de Rivera has been proceeding with the utmost rigour against separatist agitation, and also against the use of the unfortunate Catalan language ; though he proposes to invest Catalonia with a measure of local self-government larger than that accorded to it by Dato. Every one in England will fervently hope that he may be as wise in the future as he has been fortunate in the past, and not alienate

the sympathies of law-abiding Catalans who like to manage their own affairs in their own language. The position of Catalonia in Spain might be like that of Wales in Great Britain ; for the Catalan language, so far from being a propagandist's fake, is as living and as genuine a thing as Welsh itself.

It is not generally realized that the revolutionary, separatist movement in Catalonia has been captured by reactionaries and obscurantists—not in the government, but among the Catalans themselves. The best brains and the humanists have been driven into exile, not by the generals, but by jealous Catalan separatists who suspected them of holding too liberal views. It is not these exiles, however, who are responsible for the copious propaganda produced in Paris. Propaganda is not an affair for humanists ; and humanists in England should take great care not to be misled by false statements about Catalonia emanating from Paris. Catalonia is not an " oppressed nationality."

Paris, again, has become a centre for the activities of Sr. Blasco Ibáñez. In forsaking fiction for political agitation, it is to be feared that this writer has missed his vocation, for he had undoubtedly become one of the world's best sellers. He began by attracting attention with crude stories of violence in a setting of Valencian orange-groves. Then, already famous, he contrived, after one or two misfires, to produce a propaganda novel which happened to reach the United States in a moment of great national excitement—that of their definite and decisive entry into the European war. He can tell a story, and he has a certain vulgarity of manner which makes him popular, though as a politician he is too astute to become either a martyr or a leader of men. His republican pamphlets published in Paris are a form of political fiction, founded on café

gossip and reported by a man who seems filled with resentment against a country he has never attempted to serve. Unamuno is a genuine idealist, who has risked his liberty for his beliefs: Blasco Ibáñez probably finds that he can best serve his ideals by other means.

General Primo de Rivera has the sympathy of many foreign observers in his efforts towards efficiency. He has a sense of humour and a power of making men his friends (or, at least, of " getting away with it "), not unlike that of the King himself. He is known to be a good officer. He was, as it seems, not involved in the dubious machinations of the military juntas; and his outspoken wish that, for the honour of Spain (and for the prevention of smuggling), some new arrangement might have been made over Gibraltar, did not prevent him from expressing his belief in England and the Allies at a time when the majority of his brother-officers held the opposite opinion. As a good officer, he knows that to lead men is better than to drive them, and Spaniards are not men who are easily driven. Leadership is what is wanted, and men with a sense of public duty. Such men can certainly be found in the Spain of to-day, and not only in the Army. One of the ideals of " Don Francisco " was Gladstonian England; and that age, whatever else it may have been, had a real tradition of leadership and public spirit.

Such, then, is what things are like in Spain to-day. What is behind them? The pages which follow attempt to fill in something of the background, something of what men have thought in Spain in the past and are thinking there to-day. They are

derived from prolonged observation in the country, as well as from the writings of Spanish authors; while in the case of many writers still living the impression has been deepened by personal acquaintance, and the pages devoted to them have been written fresh in the memory of their looks and attitudes and the sound of their voices.

The plan chosen—a sequence of essays—was considered more appropriate than a formal text-book. The arrangement, however, is not haphazard. Groups of literary studies, in chronological order, are separated by "Interludes" suggested by certain episodes of Spanish travel. The former are offered to readers who may be interested in the fireside exploration of Spanish history or literature, while the latter and the "Epilogue" may revive memories of actual travel in the country.

Spain is not only a geographical expression: it is a country of the mind; and under both aspects it is of great interest to modern travellers and modern readers.

KINGS, QUEENS, AND CLASSICS

ALFONSO THE SAGE

Alfonso the Sage was a bad king; but he was a great editor. Known to history as the man who ruled over Castile and León from 1252 until 1284, and who married his daughter, Eleanor, to Edward I. of England, Alfonso was by no means indifferent to the things of this world. On the contrary he was, if anything, too great a schemer; his passion for astronomy, poetry, chess and other intellectual pursuits led him to dream of conquests and of empires in which his followers were not inclined to support him. He was learned rather than wise, an idealist in the midst of men who had no eye for anything but their own concerns. Even the age-long struggle with the Moors died down during his reign, and the Castilian nobles occupied themselves with the more congenial business of party politics. Providence—and his own family—seemed to cross the sage ruler at every turn. His eldest son died young; while another, Don Sancho, who had taken up arms against his father, had to suffer the indignity of being publicly disinherited as a rebel. "It hurts me more than it hurts you!" the sage father might have exclaimed; and he would have been quite right. Then there was trouble with the Queen. Doña Violante, in a fit of pique, left the King and betook herself to Catalonia, where she busied herself with the intrigues of her nephews and nieces. There is something to be said, after all, for the legend of the good king pursued by infinite misfortune, as he is represented in an old play by Vélez

de Guevara. Certainly he was not the man for his position—a king in a Europe inhabited to a large extent by tribes of pale-faced savages ; the wonder is that he accomplished as much as he did in his true vocation, the promotion of useful knowledge.

Alfonso the Sage was not, of course, the only mediaeval monarch to devote himself to lofty speculation and things of the mind. History had been written in Spain before his time ; but his " General Chronicle," or " History of Spain," and the unfinished " Great and General History " are among the greatest histories of mediaeval times. Spanish law had begun to find expression in the charters (or *fueros*) peculiar to every town, and in others of general application throughout the kingdom ; but Alfonso crowned all these legislative efforts with a compilation (the " Siete Partidas ") which is not so much a legal digest as an encyclopaedia of mediaeval life. Poetry had been practised in the western part of the Peninsula, and had achieved some success ; but none of the early song-books has the artistic unity of his " Canticles," nor are there any others which include so large a quantity of miniature-painting and music as these marvellous manuscripts prepared under the direction of Alfonso x. The sage King's most remarkable quality was his industry. If all his works (says one of his editors) were to be collected into a modern edition they would fill at least twenty large volumes.

This great achievement cannot be attributed to Alfonso x. alone. He was able to gather round him all the learned men of his realm, and his palace became an academy in which Jews and Muhammadans could meet Christians on equal terms and converse with them. Thus they are shown to us, in friendly intercourse, in the miniatures of the royal manuscripts. The King tells us the name and

condition of some of his collaborators; he made no attempt to conceal the fact that they helped him. A passage in the "Great and General History" shows the part Alfonso took in the preparation of his works, and mentions the different editorial functions which he performed. He checked statements and corrected mistakes; he cut out anything which seemed unnecessary, taking care, however, to preserve all that was essential; and he kept a watchful eye on the style of his contributors. Laws and chronicles he caused to be drawn up in the Castilian tongue. Yet for poetry he preferred another dialect, Galician-Portuguese, finding it more developed, more expressive, and easier to sing than any of the others spoken in his realm. If the truth were known, he was a law-giver rather than a poet.

His portrait reminds one of the King of Hearts. But his Queen of Hearts was the Queen of Heaven. He had a passion for the miracles of the Virgin Mary; whenever he heard of a new one it was "written up" under his direction and set to music. These "Canticles" describe, amongst other things, merchants coming from Paris and from Flanders to buy wool in England, and German pilgrims on the road to St. James of Compostela. They include several favourite legends, such as that of the Virgin Mary taking the place of a nun who had run away from her convent (*i.e.* "The Miracle"), the Magic Slippers brought by a witch to tempt a lady of Aragon whose husband had gone to the wars, the monk who was so enraptured by hearing a bird sing that he stayed listening to it in a garden for three hundred years, and "The Ring given to Venus" (as William Morris called it)—where the finger of a statue closes upon the ring which a jesting bridegroom has placed upon it. Another tells a hunting story which happened to the King

himself; and a miniature in the manuscript at the Escurial shows the King going out with his dogs and his falcons, and the man who jumped into the river to fetch a heron which had been brought down. Again, there is a canticle which belongs to the history of the bull-fight; and whatever a modern reader may feel about it, he cannot fail to be interested in the miniature, which shows how a bull-fight was conducted in a public square in Spain in the thirteenth century. The collection was completed by a number of charming carols addressed to the "Rose of Roses, and Flower of Flowers, Lady of Ladies."

Rosa das rosas
Et fror das frores,
Dona das donas,
Sennor das Sennores . . .

Such things had in those days an irresistible appeal, just as they have to us; those dancing, dactylic measures were as popular in Portugal and Galicia in the thirteenth century as they are now.

The Canticles of Alfonso the Sage have a sense of form which is clearly defined both in the words and in the music, and is relatively highly developed. The arrangement of refrain and stanza (the refrain always coming first), and the pattern of the rhymes, are, like those of the Troubadour songs, probably Arabic. Indeed, they are not far removed from forms of vulgar Arabic poetry, described (by Professor Browne in his "Literary History of Persia" and Dr. Nicholson in his "Literary History of the Arabs") as having been invented and practised in Muslim Spain. The form, however, believed to have been traditional in Portugal and North-West Spain was something far simpler, a verse in which the second distich adds nothing to the first, but

merely intensifies it by repetition. These are constructed much on the plan of those verses of the Psalm :—

> Who smote great kings :
> For his mercy endureth for ever ;
> Yea, and slew mighty kings :
> For his mercy endureth for ever.

They have more than a suspicion of incantation. " The Portuguese people (says Mr. Aubrey Bell) still retains an element pre-Christian, even pre-Roman, an element which goes back to solar myths and pagan beliefs. . . . A great part of the people still inhabits a region of fiery dragons and apples of gold. . . . Paganism, thinly disguised, survives in several of the ceremonies of the Christian Church, and serves to increase the Church's hold on the minds of the people." Again, these early poems have, many of them, another curious feature, not unconnected, perhaps, with magic rites like those immortalized in a poem of Theocritus. They are often put on the lips of a girl waiting for her friend among the hazels, watching the boats putting to sea, washing her hair in the stream, dancing at a pilgrim shrine, imploring the waves for news of him, or mourning his loss in the gloom of the pine-trees.

King Alfonso's Canticles are on a slightly higher level of development. They are popular religious songs, in which the tunes and the refrains, though not improbably pagan in origin, have been made to serve for Christian purposes. They have been more studied in their literary and linguistic aspects than from the standpoint of the music which accompanies them. The Chilean philologist Hanssen, however, pointed out that neither the metre of the verse nor the rhythm of the words were intelligible without

the music. It is probable that many different poets, as well as many different composers, are represented in the collection, both for linguistic reasons and from the musical and poetical form, which differs slightly in every canticle. The composers were very much influenced by the later French Troubadours, and one of these, Guirault Riquier (1224-92), is known to have spent some time at the Court of Alfonso the Sage. Yet on the whole the tunes show something of a native Spanish character, while the handwriting, though it differs in the two existing manuscripts, seems to point to both copyists being men of Spanish training.

King Alfonso was not so much a poet and composer as an editor and a Maecenas. Poets and musicians flocked to his Court from all parts ; and it has been proved that some of these were Muslims. The theory that the peculiarities of the Canticles are due to Moorish influence has been recently revived by Don Julian Ribera, the learned professor of Arabic at the University of Madrid. It was first suggested in the eighteenth century by Padre Juan Andrés, an exiled Spanish Jesuit, who considered that Alfonso the Sage had taken his system of musical notation from Arab music. This statement, though manifestly absurd, seeing that neither the Arabs nor any Muslim people have ever used a musical notation, may yet be true of the form of the poems, the instruments used to accompany the voice, and the musicians who played them ; indeed there are miniatures in the manuscripts showing musicians in Arab dress playing upon instruments known to have been of Arab origin.

It is not as absurd as it sounds to dwell on the rhythms and jingles and music of the " Canticles," rather than on the meaning. In the Galician-

Portuguese poetry of the time of Alfonso x. the words had a magic which no meaning could explain away, and the sound meant more than the sense. They were the nursery-rhymes of a people in its childhood, and Alfonso the Sage was that people's fantastic and not altogether credible King.

RAYMUND LULLY'S GREAT ELIXIR

JAMES THE CONQUEROR was in a difficulty. He had accomplished one of the greatest of his feats: he had captured Mallorca from the Saracens without the destruction of a single olive-tree. Moreover, the pirates were finding it more dangerous than before to provide the rich Catalan merchandise and beautiful Catalan children which they had been accustomed to carry off from the Conqueror's subjects. The difficulty arose from a young man named Lull or Lully, the son of a distinguished soldier, and a page at Court, who had come into his estates and was wasting his substance in riotous living. The King had suffered too much in his own family from riotous living and the repudiation of marriages through Papal bulls. He could not allow such things in the golden island he had conquered; and he had married the young man to a gentlewoman of good character, Na Blanca Picañy, without, however, inducing him to mend his ways. Suddenly Divine Providence intervened; the young man became a hermit and retired to a little chapel on the edge of a cliff where he saw visions, embarked upon the study of Arabic, and (as some said) dabbled in alchemy and the black arts. The facts of his conversion were never known; there was talk of a licentious poem addressed to a lady, followed by the appearance of the page on horseback in the very church in which the lady was at her devotions, and an act of courage on her part which cured the young man for ever of all the sinful lusts of the flesh.

The alchemical works ascribed to Raymund Lully may be apocryphal, or there may have been not one Raymund Lully but three, as some students of occult lore have contended. There was Ramón Lull of Mallorca, the Catalan poet and orientalist, the missionary and martyr; there was the Raymund who was said to have transmuted base metal into gold for Edward I. of England on condition that it was spent on a Crusade; and there was the mystic who wrote the Utopian romance, "Blanquerna," in which is included the "Book of the Lover and the Beloved." Such an attempt to make Raymond Lully into three persons is as fantastic a notion as any attributed to the Doctor Phantasticus himself, and it will certainly be resented by his own countrymen in Catalonia and Mallorca; for one of the chief claims of Lully on posterity is that he addressed the whole Christian world (as Dante did a short time afterwards) in a language spoken only by his own people. Raymund Lully (as a living Catalan philosopher has expressed it), by thinking and performing the systematic operations of thought in the vulgar tongue, created a nation. He was the first, and for seven centuries the only one, who made Reason speak in Catalan.

Some tincture of the "great elixir" must have kept alive the memory of Raymund Lully. He can still find English readers as a Christian mystic; he is still a considerable figure in the history of the occult sciences. In his own country he is regarded as a thinker whose method and example may still be studied with profit. Eugenio d'Ors, in his interesting book of short essays or "glosses," "El Valle de Josafat," has taken a very definite position on the value of the fantastic doctor to modern thought. Catalans (he says) have the reputation of being separatists; on the contrary, they are

really imperialists, in the sense that they are passionately devoted to the ideal of unity. Yet having by nature a sense of irony, they know how to overcome the contradiction between unity and diversity, and are as ardent supporters of the former as they are respectful of the latter. The great exponent of this position is Raymund Lully. Lully, like Leibnitz, defined spirituality by passion, by impatience ; to waste an idea or a piece of knowledge, an institution or an effort, was an offence against nature. Yet at the same time he was the inventor of a method of arriving at unity without the employment of abstraction. By abstraction, the transition from the particular to the general is achieved by cancelling out all that is concrete and characteristic in both ; the individual disappears in the genus. Lully, on the contrary, created the illusion of being able to form classes by the simple juxtaposition of the particular entities of which they were formed, so that each of them preserved what was concrete and characteristic in it, even when it went to form part of a greater synthesis. This dual philosophical significance had an exact application in terms of politics. Lully was the first to have any definite conception of an organization which really deserved the name of catholic and belonged to the whole of Christian civilization ; yet at the same time he was, as has been said before, the first to choose for the expression of his thought a vulgar tongue spoken by a comparatively small number of men and women. It is this balance between unity and diversity which is the key to the method of Raymund Lully.

Lully, it has been observed, " had not only the wings of universality ; he had also the feet for it." He was a great dreamer and a great traveller ; and, like Dante, he wandered for many years in Italy

and other countries, leaving his writings and the memory of his discourses wherever he went. Among the books which can reasonably be attributed to him there are some which are essentially poetical, the response of a delicate, visionary mind to the wide-watered expanses seen from the lofty cliffs of Mallorca. They represent the adolescence (in every sense of the word) of a man and a race, a language and a culture. The poet appears not so much in the stiff, rhymed work as in the prose, written for plain men and women, in which he unconsciously summarizes the thoughts, ideals and appearances of the civilization of his time. " Blanquerna " is, in a way, a psychological novel of mediaeval society, in which the son of Evast and Aloma passes successively through the states of matrimony, religion and priesthood (he is even elected Pope), to take refuge at last in the quiet of a hermitage, built, of course, on the edge of a cliff, like the little tower near Valldemosa, still shown to travellers as the " Capilla de Ramón Lull."

The " Book of the Lover and the Beloved " may be regarded as the work of Lully the mystic, the martyr and the Apostle of Africa. It may equally well be taken as a collection of poems (as indeed they appear in the modern Catalan version made by Verdaguer), for the " mystical " quality in them is not very different from the quality of true poetry. There are reminiscences of the " Song of Songs," but the oriental metaphor has been spiritualized, and both persons are now in the masculine gender.

Lully's apostleship to the heathen did not depend upon the edge of the sword. It was (as Professor Allison Peers has well said) " a progressive and unalterable appeal to reason " ; and it was on the ground of reason that the *Ars Luliana* sought to demonstrate the truth of Christianity. The

historical Raymund Lully knew nothing of Egyptian mysteries, or of magic, either black or white. He had no " message " connected with the return of Enoch. He was merely a very learned and " ingenious gentleman," whose mind, if not turned by the reading of many books (as it was with Don Quixote and, as some say, with Ignatius Loyola), was raised far above all worldly matters. His wife and family appointed an agent to manage his estates ; but he used the reason (which they imagined him to have lost) to such good purpose that that faculty alone might be called the " Great Elixir " of Raymund Lully.

QUEEN ISABELLA

ISABELLA stands at the source of two of the most urgent problems with which the Spanish people are faced: Morocco and Catalonia. Journalists of reactionary and obscurantist tendencies are fond of repeating those passages in her will which seem to enjoin upon Spaniards the necessity and the duty of fighting in Morocco; and this interpretation is always hotly contested by the more enlightened newspapers. Doña Isabel is one of the legendary heroes of Spain, invoked by warlike writers along with St. James and the Cid, Fernán González, and the Gran Capitán. It is not "invoked" by the general public; for they have always regarded the war in Morocco as unnecessary, and, in any case, cannot see that Isabella's will has anything to do with it. "The last Will and Testament of Queen Isabella!" they say. "Inconceivable (isn't it?) that any one should think nowadays as they thought in the times of Isabella I.!" Yet sermons are preached and pastoral epistles circulated which use arguments of the fifteenth century—along with the no less obsolete word *Morisma*—for the heathendom which must be crushed.

For purposes of comparison, it is interesting to see how Queen Isabella strikes a Spaniard of modern views, Professor Gabriel Alomar. There are (he would say) certain historical figures which will not stand a calm inquiry into the reasons for their celebrity. Some of them prove to be merely the idealizations of later ages. The men and women

of the *Reconquista*, for instance, had only the remotest idea that the conquests they made were re-conquests. They had no feeling of national continuity with Gothic Spain, nor any perception of historical values. The unity of the Peninsula achieved under Ferdinand and Isabella would not have seemed complete or permanent to their subjects ; it fortunately did not include Portugal, and never won that extent of popular approval which was afterwards assumed—indeed, it was on the point of being broken by Ferdinand's second marriage.

Isabella, of course, was no ordinary queen. Few things went on in her dominions in which she did not have a hand. But behind her stands the grim figure of Cardinal Ximénez. He appeared at the most critical moment of the Spanish Renaissance ; but his name means little in the history of Spanish culture. On the contrary, through him it lost an element which might have been of inestimable value to it—the civilization of the Moors. Ximénez was behind the times. In spite of the distinction which hung about him as a politician, he still had a mediaeval mind. He had no use for the Renaissance ; it is doubtful whether he even realized that one was going on. He was a plain man, accustomed to the monastic life and to personal austerity. He hated Muslims and had their books collected and burnt in a vast pile. When the books were gone, he began to burn heretics. His work for civilization pales considerably before his work for barbarism and destruction. He revived Moz-arabic music in one of the chapels of Toledo Cathedral ; but his beautiful though ill-fated University buildings at Alcalá de Henares never came to very much and were looted in the Peninsular War, while his magnificent polyglot Bible in three dead lan-

guages is useless as a text for Biblical scholars and a poor return for his bonfires of men and books.

From the time of Isabella, too, dates the Catalan question. It was, needless to say, the marriage of Isabella of Castile with Ferdinand of Aragon which brought the Catalans, who had formed the most important part of his kingdom, under the rule of Castilians—two peoples who have never been able to understand one another. The union meant, for the Catalans, a loss of *amour-propre*; the discovery of America meant a loss of trade. Isabella decided that Barcelona might not trade with the New World, and many Catalan writers see in this decision what they have come to regard as the usual attitude of the Castilian administration to Mediterranean interests. Yet an impartial observer cannot but think that the Queen was right. The Catalans, though they were the best sailors in Spain, were on the wrong side of the country. Seville and the Atlantic ports seemed more than half-way across the ocean when compared with Barcelona, infinitely remote in the corner of the Mediterranean. Since the fall of Constantinople its waters had been infested by pirates, and the risk of loss from piracy or shipwreck would have been greatly increased if American cargoes loaded for Spain had had to be shipped to Barcelona.

Some day a new book will be written about Isabella, a biography which is neither romantic idealization nor an endeavour to make out a good case for a particular policy. She must be studied by some one who has a balanced mind and who is also an economist. The history of Doña Isabel might be written by a combination of Mr. Lytton Strachey and Mr. Maynard Keynes. The legendary Isabella is in some curious way deeply rooted in English affections. In "Little Arthur's" History

of England she is one of the figures who must take our fancy. And to a traveller in Spain she keeps reappearing in odd corners, more like a queen invented by Mr. Walter de la Mare than a lady who made wars, and a will, and became involved in the coils of economic cause and effect. To be born in a place called Madrigal of the High Towers, to have lived in an enchanted castle on a rock where the peacocks make strange noises at sunset, to have given her best frock to a statue carved by St. Luke, to have left her luggage in the cathedral at Granada : some folding pictures and a dented golden mug, a pocket sceptre and a rather shabby crown, a bit of tapestry curtain and a prayer-book with fairies hiding behind the capital letters—what is a mere historian, or an economist, to say about it ?

VIVES IN LONDON

Luis Vives, one of the great men in the history of education, came to London in 1523. He had been "discovered" two years before that at Bruges, when Cardinal Wolsey had gone to meet the Emperor Charles v. and learned men as well as diplomats had come from all parts. It was a real international conference; indeed, in the time of Vives it could hardly have been anything else. Nationalism had not yet become a political weapon wielded by governments for their own ends; the Reformation had not gone very far, and the Catholic Reaction had not been dreamed of. The first to organize themselves nationally and "get off the mark" had been the French, when they had invaded Italy thirty years before. The Spaniards, compatriots of Vives, after the wonderful luck which had brought them the capture of Granada, the discovery of America (and incidentally the birth of Vives) in 1492, were devoting most of their energies to the first tentative experiments in colonization.

Vives had been living at Louvain, engaged upon an edition of the "Civitas Dei" of St. Augustine. But he had had a "nervous breakdown" (the expression is used by Dr. Foster Watson, his latest biographer), and when the chance presented itself he was glad of moving to another country. He was a shrewd man, a man of the Mediterranean, and the mediaeval night of Paris (for so he had regarded it) had not blunted his perceptions. His thought turned to Henry viii.; and to him he dedicated

his edition of the " Civitas Dei." Six months later he received an answer. The King did not know (he read) which was most to be congratulated, the editor or St. Augustine himself: the letter ended with something like an invitation to England, and Vives accepted it. He had no illusions. He was an educationist, less interested in things than in the way they should be taught. Catharine of Aragon was Queen, and would receive him as one of her own countrymen. She was, he reflected, not so young as she had been, and might be interested in matters like education. Vives came to London, and became the earliest advocate of the education of women.

With the favour of the King and Queen and the friendship of Sir Thomas More, Vives became a man worth knowing. Wolsey appointed him to a lectureship at Oxford. He taught rhetoric and classical literature, and had rooms in Corpus. When he was not lecturing there, he lived in dingy lodgings near the Tower of London; but once a year he went back to Bruges to see his wife. What he thought of English ways and the English climate may be seen in his letters to one of the secretaries of Erasmus and to a Spanish friend. He became almost English in the way he abused the weather, especially when he thought of the sky of his native Valencia. His next-door neighbours made " such great and constant noise that it is impossible to settle one's mind to anything." It was a long way to the Palace at Greenwich; but there were compensations. He sometimes went to Richmond by water, in attendance on the Queen. He specially records the fact in his writings. More often he went to Chelsea to see Sir Thomas More. They drank together (but nothing stronger than water); they entertained each other by making

Latin epigrams. The three daughters of the house, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecilia, varied in age from eighteen to fifteen. Margaret was married already ; but she was a learned young woman, who was making an English translation of Erasmus's " Commentary on the Lord's Prayer." Vives allowed the names of the Misses More to creep into the pages of his stiff, professorial Latin writings :—

" Now if a man may be suffered among queens to speak of more mean folks I would reckon the daughters of Sir Thomas More, Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecilia (and with them their kinswoman, Margaret Giggs) whom their father, not content only to have them good . . . would also that they should be well learned."

Yet with all his passion for reform, his clear-sightedness in matters of education and poor-relief, Vives remains a shadowy figure. One can faintly catch sight of him in the garden at Chelsea, and see him through the eyes of the three daughters of Sir Thomas More—a glum little man with large eyes, who dressed rather like Beckmesser. Away in the City he shared rooms with another Spaniard, Alvaro de Castro. We would give a whole treatise, even one of those which have made him famous, to know what he said to Alvaro when he came home, when the neighbours had stopped making a noise and Alvaro could really hear about Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecilia, and the mysterious relation called Giggs.

The five years spent in England ended in the tragedy of the Queen's divorce. Vives excused himself from defending the Queen ; it was, he held, beneath the dignity of a Queen of England, a Princess of Spain, and a woman of education, to defend herself in circumstances like those. So

Vives returned to Bruges and died not long after. He had not lived altogether in vain. His great lesson, besides the need for the better education of women, is his natural and unconscious internationalism ; and it is a lesson which modern nations might very well take to heart.

LUIS DE LEÓN: THE INQUISITION AT THE UNIVERSITY

Luis de León had one of the kindest hearts in Salamanca; but his tongue was the bitterest in the whole University, and it was the words of his mouth rather than the meditations of his heart which got him into trouble with the Holy Inquisition. What chiefly concern us now about him and excite our admiration of his genius are his poems and his curiously Platonic dialogue "Los Nombres de Cristo." In his own day, however, his reputation was due to his scholarship. He was a man of the Renaissance, a humanist, one of the most learned and most scholarly that Salamanca ever produced. It was generally believed that there was no professorial chair which he was not qualified to hold and for which he could not stand with every hope of success. This was all very well as chatter among undergraduates, but it excited the jealousy of senior members of the University. The religious order to which Luis de León belonged, the Augustinians, was one of the "smaller colleges"; but among the Dominicans there were pompous individuals who felt that "that little man from St. Augustine's" was getting above himself. It was suggested in responsible quarters that Luis de León held Latitudinarian views. He was even accused of thinking for himself. What was more, he had learnt Hebrew, and had the misfortune to differ in certain points of Biblical exegesis from the Professor of Greek, Latin and Rhetoric. This

man, who, though he knew no Hebrew, posed as an authority on Isaiah, was at any rate a past-master of intrigue. The word went round that the views of certain teachers of theology were not as orthodox as they should be, and the Inquisition at last took action. The three best Hebrew scholars in the University were arrested and confined in the secret cells of the Inquisition at Valladolid.

Luis de León found himself charged with giving to the Hebrew text of the Bible more authority than the Vulgate, the explanation being that he had Jewish blood in his veins. As a matter of fact, this is doubtful. Luis de León himself may have been an "Old Christian," but there had been episodes in his family history to which rabid Spanish anti-Semitism might take exception: his great-aunt Leonor had been accused of Jewish practices and "corrected" by the Inquisition. To the Professor of Rhetoric, however, the word "Jew" could be applied to any one who admitted that the Old Testament had once been written in Hebrew; and Luis de León was a man who not only read the filthy language but actually enjoyed it. According to the charge, he had been heard to declare that it was possible to produce a better version of the Bible than the Vulgate; that the Vulgate contained many mistranslations, that it was not infallible, that not every word of it had been dictated by the Holy Ghost, and that even the interpretations of the Rabbis might have some truth in them. As evidence of these allegations a quantity of irrelevant nonsense was solemnly brought forward. The most telling point in the case for the prosecution was that Luis de León had translated the "Song of Songs," and it was proved that he had done so; moreover, he had provided it with a commentary which took the poem not mystically nor allegorically

but *au pied de la lettre*, explaining that it was " a pastoral eclogue in which two lovers speak and answer in the manner of shepherds." The lay brother who tidied his cell had found the manuscript, secretly copied it and put it back in its place, where it was duly found by the officers of the Inquisition. Still, the harm had been done ; copies of the translation were multiplied, and had even reached South America. Some Dominican had said that he could see little difference between a Spanish translation of the " Song of Songs " and the amatory poems of Ovid. " This most spiritual witness [replied Luis de León] can never have read or understood the ' Song of Songs ' in Latin, and now he is scandalized by Spanish words which meant nothing to him in the original." It was a very natural answer, but it gave his case away ; for that was precisely the argument of the Inquisition : the Scriptures must not be spread abroad to scandalize fools and simpletons. Luis de León was equally short with his other accusers. Castro, the intriguing Professor of Rhetoric, was (he said) a man lacking in intelligence, as any one would realize who spoke to him more than once. Montoya was known as a man who never spoke the truth except by mistake. They were all " spiritual hypocrites, filled with a most holy zeal." Even the statements of undergraduates who had attended his lectures were accepted as evidence of heresy. " If [said Luis de León] you go by all the nonsense collected by students, you may imprison all the lecturers on theology in Spain, and will find them as guilty as Luther." The witnesses for the defence numbered some seventy persons, and included Salinas, the blind Professor of Music, monks and nuns and undergraduates, a college porter, a clerk and a barber. The trial lasted four years. Luis de León was kept

a prisoner, but allowed the use of books. He sent to Salamanca on ten different occasions for books from his own cell. Besides theological works he asked for his Aristotle bound in sheepskin (" you will find it in the shelves on the right as you go in "), a Virgil and a Horace (" there are several "), the Homer (" on the shelf where the Works of St. Justin are "), a Sophocles in black calf, a Pindar in black leather with gilt edges, and " Le Prose di Bembo." He wrote some of his poems in gaol, and began " Los Nombres de Cristo " there ; but what with ill-health, the labour of preparing his defence, and the half-witted youth who shared his cell, the four years were wasted. At last he was reprimanded and discharged. He returned to Salamanca, and began his first lecture (it is said) with the words, " We were saying yesterday . . ."

Luis de León was a good classical scholar, though by no means the only one in Renaissance Spain. He was also a great poet, one of the Spanish poets who give most pleasure to an English reader. He was not a mystic. He was a great lover of Horace, and his mental background (like Milton's) was a blend of the Bible and the classics. He was austere by training rather than by temperament. He delighted in gardens, in picnics, in wine, in washing (Fray Luis insisted, even when in prison, on having two buckets of water brought to his cell every morning) ; and as to marriage, he held it to be " a less blessed state than celibacy, but not an evil in itself." Of course, he always longed " to get away " and lead a quiet life, something noiseless and untroubled, like that starlight walk of the three friends described in " Los Nombres de Cristo." Luis de León appears now more human and more attractive in the light of modern research than he did before.

MYSTICAL SPAIN

The Spanish Mystics were eminent, as the Victorian Agnostics were eminent, not because they were the rule, but because they were the exception. That Spain is a land of mystics is an idea which can no longer be entertained. To say so is to fly in the face of historians like Altamira and Ballesteros, and thinkers like Ganivet and Ortega ; indeed " Mystical Spain " is a conception which belongs to the times of the " Black Legend " of Spain which no one now believes. It can no longer be held that " her early national story is that of an agelong devotion to an ideal," in the atmosphere of which " mysticism breathes its native air." For as a matter of historical fact, the idea of the Reconquest only took shape in the last stages of the struggle with the Moors. It was not a mystic ideal which saved the quarrelsome Christian kingdoms in the north of Spain, but the fact that the Muslims never succeeded in acclimatizing themselves north of a certain line ; while, on the other hand, the Christian towns with their civic rights and *fueros* held the seeds of an economic development which has never been reached by a Muslim civilization. The programme of the Reconquest seems to have been introduced into Spain from France—by the monks of Cluny ; just as the programme of a holy war against the Christians was brought from Africa by the Berbers. Intolerance (as even George Borrow admitted) was never natural to the Spanish character ; it was imported, partly from Cluny and partly from North Africa.

Ganivet was probably right when he ascribed some of the most striking tendencies of the religious poetry of Spain to the influence of Islam ; mysticism (he said) was, as it were, a sanctification of African sensuality ; and however that may be, one of the greatest of Spanish mystics was not a Christian at all but a Muhammadan—Ibn al-'Arabí of Murcia.

The Spanish Mystics are in much the same case. While some, like Juan de la Cruz, are examples of a passionately erotic temperament expressing itself in fluent devotional verse, others, like Luis de Granada, have sufficient restraint to be among the greatest masters of Spanish prose, and are a perpetual delight to all who can enjoy writing as a fine art. Some minds, however, are against any form of literary appreciation of the mystics. The works of these men and women are (it is held) intended solely for initiates—" journeyers on the mystic way " : their aim, in fact, is almost utilitarian. Yet it is difficult to believe that this really represents the considered judgement of any serious student of a language and a literature so rich and so marvellous as the Spanish. What would be thought of a student of English who had no use for Donne or Jeremy Taylor, Crashaw or George Herbert apart from their doctrine ? The deliberately anti-intellectual attitude of some Hispanists may be contrasted with that of the Spanish critic and essayist who writes under the pseudonym of " Azorín." While the former refuse to regard any of the writers of Spanish mystical prose as artists, " Azorín " on the contrary not only gives us the men themselves, but can tell us some of the secrets of their workmanship. " When we open his books [he says of Luis de Granada] we have the impression of being in the workshop of one of the iron-workers of old times,

makers of those wrought-iron screens which are the admiration of every Spanish cathedral, where the metal, as if by magic, has taken all forms : flowers, wreaths, arabesques, and the figures of men and women." "The minimum of word and artifice [he says again] combined with the maximum of energy and inspiration ; that is the supreme quality of Luis de Granada. As his life was, so is his style : sober, clear and precise." This admirable simplicity of style must come, as he shows, not from the midnight lamp and the deep-vaulted cell, but from the good friar's love of the open air ; "his penetration through and through with the spectacle of the universe." Don't be frightened by the mystics and the literary historians ! Take a volume of his down from the shelf—that is, if you are lucky enough to find a library of Spanish books where you *can* take a volume down from the shelf. (Not even the Spanish Club in London had learnt what the open-air garden libraries of Madrid and Seville have taught : that most readers are not thieves ; nor what English club libraries have taught : that many people read standing, and hate the fuss and bother of having to get some one to come and unlock the book-cases for them.) Take a volume of Luis de Granada down from the shelf and read it standing for a few minutes. You will be unlucky if you do not find something human and worth remembering ; though if you take the volume to an arm-chair, you will inevitably go to sleep. After all, there was something more than devout rhetoric in the short-sighted little man, who had the prints on the walls of his cell framed with green mounts, so that he might be able to see them more easily. There are glorious passages of prose in Luis de Granada, and he and several other Spanish mystical writers attracted the attention of English translators

in Elizabethan and Jacobean times. Thus Diego de Estella was translated in 1584 and again in 1608, Juan de Avila in 1620 and 1631, Pedro de Alcántara in 1632.

That the Spanish Mystics are interesting for other reasons besides literary craftsmanship goes without saying. Some were undoubtedly " holy and humble men of heart," like Luis de Granada ; others would make interesting subjects for students of psychology and psycho-analysis. Santa Teresa, the greatest of them all, is a supreme example of Christian humility and common sense, combined with a sense of humour and an extremely complex psychology. She saw God even among the pots and pans in the kitchen, as Baudelaire saw perfection in *une belle batterie de cuisine, propre et luisante*. But Spain never had more than one Santa Teresa, and the other Spanish mystics seem poor creatures compared to her.

Farinelli, the greatest " international " in the field of modern scholarship, has no illusions about the mistaken idea that Spain is a country of dreamers. Ecstatic outbursts and visionary flights come but rarely to the Spanish genius. No people (he says) has set its affection more firmly on its hard, uncompromising country, or clings to it more tenaciously when the time comes to leave it. There have been ascetics, men who abandoned themselves to an attitude of lethargic acceptance, because they saw death approaching from every side. But in Spain these men were abnormal. Spaniards, and in particular Castilians, have something of the Puritan's fervour and more than his patience ; yet they do not reject the world, but face it with that practical worldly wisdom reflected in the innumerable proverbs, maxims and popular sayings which have always remained at the heart of Spanish literature. It is in the light of these that the Spanish classics and

mystics should be read, for the traditional, popular ideas were used over and over again. The attitude towards chivalrous romance was a case in point. That fantastic world which has filled so many Hispanists with enthusiasm was in reality an importation, utterly foreign to the clear-sighted outlook natural to the Spanish mind; and Cervantes was only expressing the ordinary Spanish view when he laughed at such "trumpery."

SPANISH PLAYS FOR ENGLISH PLAYERS

The author of " Don Quixote " never had any great success as a dramatist. Once upon a time he had been a promising young poet, with a gift for satire and aspirations towards the drama ; but later in life, as an ex-service man out of employment, no manager had any use for him. The prose of his wandering life has made him immortal, but what he really cared about was poetry and the theatre. He had known the Spanish theatre in its beginnings. He could remember the days in the middle of the sixteenth century " when all the properties of an actor-manager could be carried in a single sack, and consisted of four shepherd's cloaks [Arcadian shepherds, and others], four beards, wigs and crooks." He had heard some of the first serious plays and moralities in verse, and comic interludes in prose. The verse was usually Spanish ballad-metre, and many of the plays—like those on the *Cid*, for instance, which came afterwards—were made out of ballad-characters speaking the lines of their own ballads. Men began to appear on the stage without beards ; musicians, and even women, were allowed to take part.

Then there came a young reprobate called Lope de Vega, whose facility in verse was only equalled by his experience as a Don Juan. He did not care much for the theatre except as a means of making a living, but he had an extraordinary faculty for improvising " well-made " plays. His works are as numerous as the Arabian Nights ; there is no

conceivable subject which he did not utilize, except (oddly enough) the subject of Don Juan. His genius was fitful ; but it seldom deserted him altogether. He thought out his plays (when he had time to think) something in the same way as Verdi his operas : lyrical flights and impassioned monologues alternated with what were essentially duets, trios and ensembles. And as his players were (and still are) men and women with whom unfailing clearness of diction and rapidity of utterance are essential qualifications for the stage, he was able to make a play succeed through the sheer rhythmical and musical beauty of the words. The Spanish theatre has always been a place for speech rather than for action.

The author of " Don Quixote " did not approve of these slipshod methods of composition and all this playing to the gallery ; a torrent of words would always fetch a Spanish gallery's applause. Yet it was Lope de Vega, and not Cervantes, who determined the direction of Spanish drama. Calderón began where Lope left off, and has been preferred ever since, although his reputation has been steadily going down since his tercentenary in 1900, while Lope's has been rapidly going up. To read in the original Lope's plays are a perpetual delight, owing to their ease and freshness, their lyrical flights and bursts of popular poetry. They have not, however, been revived to any great extent, either in Spain or in any other country. Calderón, with no less lyrical power, has a remarkable sense of the stage, as all his producers have noticed ; his plays have been favourites in Germany ever since the time of Goethe. In one respect, too, he is extremely modern, and it is something which would have delighted the author of " Don Quixote." Calderón, like Pirandello, was fascinated by the

interaction of dream and waking, of imagination and reality. He might almost have written Pirandello's "Henry IV.," and Pirandello might well have imagined the fraudulent showman of Cervantes' one-act play, "The Greatest Show on Earth" (*El retablo de las maravillas*). The man has brought neither puppets nor players; yet he tells the audience (on the stage) that if they cannot see the show, that is their fault, for it is only visible to those who know their own parents. There is a moment of dreadful silence; then the Mayor exclaims, "I see!" and all the others follow suit, while the Governor asks himself: "Can I be the only one present who is not his father's son?" Presently a billeting-officer arrives, and the audience take him to be part of the show—the only part they can really see. Then, when they find that he can no more see the show than they can, they laugh at him; he clears the stage with his sword, and the play ends with the showman and his companion laughing as they take down the bit of ragged curtain which has been the whole of their stage properties.

The success of this farce, as produced by Mr. Nugent Monck at the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich, suggests that there are qualities of modernity in old Spanish drama which render it specially suitable for community theatres in Great Britain. The lyrical genius of Lope de Vega and the rate at which his lines are spoken may be hard to convey in English; but the humour of Cervantes and the imagination of Calderón cannot fail to hold an audience; for they have both a sense of irony and a sense of the stage. In "Life's a Dream," recently translated for the Marlowe Dramatic Society at Cambridge, besides the poetry and philosophy of the sleeper who wakes in new and strange surroundings, and never knows where waking ends and

dream begins (like Christopher Sly in " The Taming of the Shrew "), there is the man who has the word " honour " always on his lips and yet cannot acknowledge his own daughter or look any one in the face. Then there is " The Goblin Lady," translated for the English stage in 1807 by Lord Holland. Doña Angela finds a secret door opening into the spare room, and, on one of the rare occasions when her brother asks a friend to stay with them, she cannot resist the temptation of going through the guest's luggage and seeing whether he has tidy shirts and nice handkerchiefs. Her maid thinks that she may as well act the goblin too, and changes the money she finds for cinders. Don Manuel and Cosmo, his man, who are always coming in unexpectedly, can never imagine why their clothes are always in such a mess ; and, while the man believes firmly in the goblin, the master is convinced that the goblin has flesh and blood. Eventually he catches Doña Angela in the act, while at that moment, of course, the brother also appears. Brother and sister are thus in a regular situation of cloak and sword comedy, and recourse to the " unwritten law " is only prevented by one of those brilliant theatrical effects for which Calderón was famous.

If ever man was born to translate Calderón into English, that man was Shelley ; but he only lived to finish a few scenes from " The Mighty Magician," a play which has a family likeness to " Dr. Faustus." About twenty-five more of Calderón's plays have been translated into English, by D. F. MacCarthy, Edward Fitzgerald and others. MacCarthy's versions, though useful as line for line translations, are hardly suitable for stage performance, while Fitzgerald's are often so altered as to be new plays founded on Calderón's ideas. " The Mayor of

Zalamea," however, might be acted in Fitzgerald's version, with the missing scenes restored, and the two characters which he left out put back in their places.

The play turns on the dishonourable conduct of a " temporary " officer who is billeted on the Mayor, and the summary execution to which, in spite of his rank, the Mayor condemns him. The characterization is vividly portrayed. A modern spectator realizes that troops and billeting have hardly changed from what they were in seventeenth-century Spain, and it seems incredible that the play has not been performed lately in England while such things are fresh in the public mind. It is one of the greatest of Calderón's plays, and shows how the dramatist was able to seize upon the essential dramatic qualities of a story already treated by Lope de Vega.

Another dramatist worth translating into English is Tirso de Molina, to whom is attributed the earliest play on the subject of Don Juan. Tirso, however, is notable among Spanish dramatists for his sense of humour and for the intelligence of his women characters—qualities which of themselves are enough to make one doubt whether he could have written " The Playboy of Seville, or the Stone Guest," since this Don Juan has no humour and the ladies no intelligence. His sparkling comedy, " Don Gil of the Green Breeches," has lately been translated into German, and is going the round of the theatres of Central and Eastern Europe ; while it has provided the libretto to two modern but rather old-fashioned operas. It might well be translated and performed in English. Tirso was by profession a priest, and it may have been the hearing of confessions which gave him so clear an insight into the workings of the female heart. Lope and Calderón

also ended their days in the Church, the former as a repentant sinner—always repenting, and always sinning again—the latter for the reasons which might lead a modern dramatist into accepting a fellowship at Oxford or Cambridge and going to live in college. Calderón was not a mystic ; if (like Dr. Pusey) he wore a hair shirt, it was because the climate of Castile makes some such garment necessary during six months of the year. If he wrote morality plays for performance on waggons in public places, it was because such things were the custom of the country ; and Calderón, who was first and last a man of the theatre, attacked them as a problem in dramatic technique.

Calderón was capable of parodying his own style. His one-act play, " The Vision of Death," is a ludicrous perversion of a morality play, in which a waggon-load of players, going from one village to another in their stage-clothes (as they do in a famous episode in " Don Quixote "), are upset into a ditch, near a tramp who is asleep by the side of the road. The players stagger on to the stage after the accident, one by one, in their morality clothes, but very much in their own personalities ; the *Devil*, crossing himself and saying : " Christ, what a miracle I 'm not dead ! " ; the *Angel* : " Confound this company, it 's getting too dangerous ! " ; while the *Soul* appears in the arms of the *Body*. The only one who acts up to his part is *Death* ; and even he becomes himself again at the sight of the wine-skin which the tramp had used for a pillow while he slept.

Community theatres (as " Drama " says) might well turn their attention to old Spanish plays. Calderón fills the gap between the Elizabethans and the Restoration. His best plays, though written in a convention strange to us, have an extraordinary

modernity of outlook combined with a great sense of the stage ; while the one-act plays of Cervantes show a sense of humour and a vividness of characterization which make them like fragments of " Don Quixote " expressed in the language of the theatre ; and there ought to be no higher praise than that.

LOPE DE VEGA

In one of " Azorín's " stories of himself it is related how the author found a friend of his who had come up from the country to Madrid and left no address. First of all he looked for him at " La Mallorquina," a café where you also get ham sandwiches ; and then he went on to a theatre where they were doing some play in verse, " for people who come up from the country always like that kind of play." The cinema from America is having a devastating effect on the theatre in Spain ; Madrid is almost the only large town in the country in which both " speakies " and " movies " exist side by side. The film experts themselves say this ; and they, at any rate, ought to know. Yet from October to May it is generally possible to find some theatre in Madrid which is doing a play in verse, and generally one of the classics. The reason is that the Spaniards, like Latins and like Arabs, take pride in the beauty of their own language ; while nine Anglo-Saxons out of ten have never thought of their language as being a beautiful thing at all, and even give up reading the Bible when they find they can no longer believe in the Creation or the Serpent or Jonah in the whale's belly. With us, decoration is the only thing that matters except in those theatres which are not run entirely on a commercial basis ; and plays in verse, particularly Shakespeare and the great Elizabethans, are never so well spoken as when they are performed by amateurs and undergraduates.

In most of the theatres in Madrid, what grips and

holds the audience is not the sight of a sixteenth-century cavalier or a distressed damsel, or the whole of a village asserting its rights. The wardrobe is often dowdy and the scenery made up of anything which may come in handy. In the smaller theatres, as well as the smarter ones, it is not the look of the play which matters but the sound and sense of it. What thrills the audience in every part of the house in a play by Lope de Vega is the sheer lyrical force of the thing. The queer, short lines have a cumulative effect like music. The trochaic, eight-syllable lines which are the basis of Spanish dramatic metre lend themselves to extraordinary varieties of rhythm and cadence ; the rhymes are woven into intricate but perfectly recognizable patterns as the situation demands it. The thrill from hearing the great lyrical passages of " El Castigo sin Venganza," when it was revived in 1919, was only comparable with the excitement produced long ago on an inexperienced opera-goer by " Tristan und Isolde " conducted by Richard Strauss.

These memories of performances seen in Madrid are recalled by a new edition of Lope de Vega, two volumes of which have recently been issued in the series of " Clásicos Castellanos "—a series with which travellers as well as students should become acquainted. It has been admirably edited ; the notes have been reduced to a minimum, and only explain what is essential. The introduction on the picturesque life of Lope is necessarily a summary ; but it is a most valuable one, going down to Mr. Rennert's " Life," and the new Spanish edition of it by Amérigo Castro. Let us take one play, " The Remedy in Misfortune " (*El Remedio en la Desdicha*) founded on an old Spanish or Moorish story—" The History of the Abencerraje and the Lovely Xarifa " (Sharifa). It is an

excellent example of what hope could do with the lyric drama. From beginning to end it has the rush, swing, and onward sweep of a good opera.

This is said in no disparaging sense. If we regard opera as the greatest of dramatic forms because it is the most complete, and Mozart and Verdi the greatest composers of opera, it is on these heights that we can approach a good *comedia* of Lope de Vega's. The form and plan are entirely operatic ; the chief means of expression are the rhythm of phrase and the melody of the voice. You cannot chop up a play of Lope's into " numbers " ; yet it consists definitely of a series of *ensembles*, duets, and arias. Broken phrases and snatches of the lines of the chief characters are taken up and developed by the others, who comment on them in a rhythmical as well as in a conversational sense. There is a good instance of this in the third act. Don Rodrigo de Narváez, *alcaide* of a frontier station near Málaga, in the war of Reconquest, wishes to carry off a Moorish lady from over the border. His orderly finds a captive who is willing to write a letter in Arabic, and the captive is set free for doing so. The letter is duly delivered, and the lady arrives ; but it comes out that she is the wife of the man who wrote the letter. This is too much for Don Rodrigo ; it has become a point of honour, and the lady, in spite of her protests of affection, is sent straight home—to the window with the green *reja* whence she came. There, of course, no one will believe her story, and she writes to Don Rodrigo to say how she is being ill-treated. The pathetic " quintilla " stanzas of her letter are taken up by Rodrigo, the furious cavalier, by Nuño, the devoted servant, and by Ardiño, the obliging Arab messenger, each in his own individual way, so that they produce the effect of an operatic *ensemble*. Again, the scene among the olives, when

the three of them find that she is actually being ill-treated and suddenly reveal themselves, seems to a modern reader to be conceived entirely on the lines of opera. So, too, does the opening scene of the play, when Abindarráez and Sharifa enter the garden scene at the same time by different doors and, without seeing each other, declaim four ten-line stanzas each, something after the manner of an ode of Gray's, before they realize that they are not alone.

Lope's resource, his command over form and rhythm, are unending. On one occasion the characters obviously sit down to talk the thing over seriously; the metre changes from octosyllables to hendecasyllables. Abindarráez in his passionate scenes with Sharifa works up to a lyrical climax, which would bring down a modern Spanish house through the sheer compelling force of the voice and verse. The climax is his capture by Don Rodrigo, and release on condition that he will return and give himself up within three days. When he is riding to see his lady-love he expresses the jubilation of his soul in a set of stanzas in *ottava rima*, in which all the rhymes are of three syllables.

The play was printed in 1620, many years before the technique of music had become equal to expressing these things. But Lope's knowledge of the theatre and his sense of the stage seem to have shown him that these "operatic" effects were what his audience liked, because they always "came off" in performance. As the technique of dramatic music increased dramatists gradually lost the power of doing this, or neglected it. Calderón is less "operatic" than Lope, but he seems to have begun to realize the power of music to express things which could not be said in verse. His *autos sacramentales* were morality plays with a great deal of incidental

music ; their difficulty is due to the fact that we have now only the libretti, while an important and perhaps more intelligible part—the music—has in most cases been lost. Lope wrote several " Eglogas," which were sung before the Court ; the original music to one of them, " La Selva sin Amor," was published by Pedrell. But Lope never was a Court poet, and he relied for his " operatic " effects on means which were more economical, more suited to an " inn-yard " theatre, and more easily understood by his audience—the diction and sense of style of Rios and the other famous actors who played for him, and the beauty, dignity and elasticity of the Castilian tongue.

GÓNGORA, THE FATHER OF BAROQUE POETRY

DON LUIS DE GÓNGORA may not have been his own worst enemy, but he was no good friend to his own reputation. Not that modern scholars are ill-disposed towards him; they realize that the literary taste of to-day is moving once more in the direction of "Gongorism," but they show quite definitely that Góngora was not a great man. Cards, debts, place-hunting, flattery, waiting on the door-steps of the great, outrageous lampooning, bitter replies to bitter attacks; and always cards, cards, cards—it was all rather unworthy of a poet like Góngora. Those who know something of his poetry at first hand, and know it in a tolerably complete form such as the edition of M. Foulché-Delbosc, might have expected something better of the poet.

The worst of it is that, in Spain and other countries, the name of Góngora and of certain theories connected with it are a great deal better known than the poetry itself. On the one hand there are poets like Juan Ramón Jiménez who would probably say that Góngora was the last Spanish poet of any originality; while on the other there are solemn critics who repeat the commination of Menéndez y Pelayo. All contemporary Spanish poets read Góngora: but do the critics read him? Menéndez y Pelayo may be presumed to have read everything in Spanish literature, as may be seen from his writings. It is symbolical of the man that his

statue in the National Library at Madrid is of real stone, unlike some of the others which are supported only by canvas painted to look like stone—inviting discouraged youth to pick holes in them, because a cumbrous and complicated library organization has at length reported that the latest edition of Góngora is " out." Yet even Menéndez y Pelayo praised Lope de Vega for doing things which Góngora did equally well, so that we need not accept his judgment too literally. Homer sometimes nodded ; and the statues in Spanish literature have nodded on more than one occasion, as readers of old plays will remember.

The first modern biography of Góngora was written by an Englishman, the late Archdeacon Churton, in the 'sixties of the last century. It is interesting, considering the date of its composition ; but unreliable, owing to the author's uncertainty in many points which the discovery of fresh documents has cleared up. Churton's work, then, had fallen to the ground ; but it is only lately that scholars have tried seriously to reconstruct it. Books on Góngora somehow " escaped their own notice being published." Now this phrase is not meant only as a tiresome reminiscence of Greek grammar ; it is, strange to say, an example of what the controversialists would call " Gongorism " (one species, at any rate)—an obscure classical allusion which distorts the language, and has no point to the uninitiated. Spanish men of letters have always been extremely sensitive to the contamination of their language by words and phrases borrowed from the classics. A large proportion of the execrated " Gongorisms " are really translations or reminiscences of " tags " from Virgil, or from Renaissance Italian poets who imitated Virgil. Yet where would English poetry be if our critics and

professors had formed an Inquisition to pursue this heresy and destroy it? It is not Lyly and the Euphuists who would suffer so much. They would not even be the chief offenders. Nearly the whole of the seventeenth century would have to be "corrected" by this Inquisition, including Milton. "Lycidas" in particular would have been burnt at the stake, as being not merely full of "Gongorisms," but in the abhorred pastoral form—abhorred, although some of the loveliest Spanish poems (*e.g.* those of Garci Lasso de la Vega) have been written in it. "The opening eyelids of the morn," the "westering wheel," the "privy paw," "crowned with vocal reeds," "and strictly meditate the thankless Muse" . . . There would be no need of further witness. Yet it is not easy to see where genuine poetic imagery ends and "Gongorism" begins. Even Shakespeare was streaked with it.

Góngora certainly wrote some very dull poetry as well as some very difficult poetry—difficult but delicious, like the "Fable of Polyphemus and Galatea" and the "Soledades." Yet he also had inspirations of another kind—poems which have the best of both worlds: the traditional forms of folk-songs combined with that elegance which few but Góngora could achieve—as in the lines describing village-girls dancing in the pine-woods of the Júcar, near Cuenca, "to the sound of water on the stones and wind in the branches":

En los pinares del Júcar
vi bailar unas serranas,
al son de agua en las piedras
y al son de viento en las ramas . . .

¡Qué bien bailan las serranas,
que bien bailan!

Or this, which is sung as a serenade in Calderón's "Mayor of Zalamea," and may be more folk-song than original :

Las flores del romero,
niña Isabel,
hoy son flores azules,
mañana serán miel.

Churton translated this and many other poems :

The flowers upon the rosemary spray,
Young Maid, may school thy sorrow ;
The blue-eyed flower that blooms to-day,
To honey turns to-morrow.

Then there is this, which is thoroughly characteristic—indeed it is difficult to imagine any other poet having written it but Góngora :

No son todos ruiseñores,
los que cantan entre flores,
sino campanitas de plata,
que tocan al alba ;
sino trompeticas de oro,
que hacen la salva
a los soles que adoro.

No todas las voces ledas
son de sirenas con plumas
cuyas humildes espumas
son las verdes alamedas,
si suspendido te quedas
a los suaves clamores.

No son todos ruiseñores . . .

Not all the birds are nightingales
That sing in flowery downs and dales ;

Nor every chime of silver bells,
That to the dawn its greeting tells,
Nor golden trumpets, every one,
Whose peal salutes the golden sun—

Ah, no ! not all those trills belong
To those sweet siren birds of song,
Whose bosoms on green poplars rest,
And not on Ocean's billowy breast.
If, listening to the charmers' throats,
Thou know'st not true from mock bird's notes,

Yet not all are sweet nightingales . . .

We can see how the second stanza worried the Archdeacon. He was baffled by the " sirens with wings," and the green avenues which seemed mere foam that fell from the feathered sirens as they flew ; while " the suns which I adore " in the last line of Stanza 1 is his way of describing a pair of sparkling eyes.

Yet in the difficult " Fable of Polyphemus and Galatea," which Churton also courageously attempted, he gets something out of a Baroque passage such as this :

pisa la arena, que en arena adoro
cuantas el blanco pie conchas platea,
cuyo bello contacto puede hacerlas,
sin concebir rocío, parir perlas.

Which he translates :

Tread the firm shore : the limpets scatter'd there,
Touch'd by that silvery foot adored by me,
Shall turn to gems, whose lustre shall excel
The pearl-drop ripening in its dewy shell.

What Polyphemus actually sang—or bellowed—at

her was: "I adore every shell silvered by your feet; such fair contact can make them bring forth pearls without conceiving dew." Neither the poet nor the translator were deaf to the humour of the situation: elegant conceits thundered out by a giant whose voice caused a landslide and whose blowing on the pan-pipes was like a prodigious bellows. And who better than Polyphemus could write his misfortunes on the skies:

> y en los cielos de esta roca puedo
> escribir mis desdichas con el dedo.

> And from this cliff my fingers I could move
> To write my pains on yon blue vault above.

More interesting, however, than the translations of Archdeacon Churton are the English versions made in the seventeenth century by Sir Richard Fanshawe and Thomas Stanley. Fanshawe's translation of the famous Sonnet to a Rose—

> Ayer naciste, y moriras mañana . . .

> Blowne in the Morning, thou shalt fade ere Noone:
> What bootes a Life which in such hast forsakes thee?
> Th' art wondrous frolick being to dye so soone:
> And passing proud a little colour makes thee . . .

—was long believed to be an original English poem, and was thought worthy of a place in "The Oxford Book of English Verse." Dr. H. Thomas, of the British Museum, has shown that not only this, and three of the sonnets "translated out of Spanish," but also four others in Fanshawe's little book of 1648 are all from Góngora. He has printed English and Spanish side by side, in the "Revue

Hispanique" for February 1920 (vol. xlviii, pp. 231-240). Here, as an example, is Fanshawe :

With such variety and dainty skill
Yond Nightingale devides her mournefull song,
As if tenne thousand of them through one bill
Did sing in parts the story of their wrong.

Nay shee accuses with such vehemence
Her Ravisher, I thinke shee would incline
The conscious Grove thereof to have a sense
And print it on the Leaves of that tall Pine.

Yet happy *Shee*, who may her paine declare
In moving Noates, and wand'ring through the woods
With uncut wings, by change divert her care !
But let *Him* melt away in silent floods,
Whom his *Medusa* turn'd into a stone,
That he might neither change, nor make his moane.

And here is Góngora :

Con diferencia tal, con gracia tanta
aquel ruiseñor llora, que sospecho
que tiene otros cien mil dentro del pecho,
que alternan su dolor por su garganta ;

Y aun creo que el espiritu levanta,
como en informacion de su derecho,
a escribir del cuñado el atroz hecho
en las hojas de aquella verde planta.

Ponga pues fin a las querellas que usa,
pues ni quejarse ni mudar estanza
por pico ni por pluma se le veda ;

Y llore solo aquel que su Medusa
en piedra convirtio, porque no pueda
ni publicar su mal ni hacer mudanza.

The other English translator of Góngora was Thomas Stanley, who set to work on the " Sole-

dades," but never got very far with them. They were trifles, he decided at last, too difficult to be worth doing. Yet Góngora himself was not so very "Gongoristic" after all. The mischief began with those who came after him. It was not, however, pure perversity on their part. Góngora lived from 1561 to 1627. He came, therefore, at the beginning of the Baroque period; and his mannerisms are those of his contemporary, the Neapolitan poet Giambattista Marino (1569-1625). As far as publication went, indeed, Góngora has the priority, for his "Panegyric to the Duke of Lerma," the earliest piece of Spanish Baroque poetry, was printed in 1609, "The Fable of Polyphemus and Galatea" and the "Soledades" in 1613, while Marino's "Adone" appeared ten years later, in 1623.

The greatest of Góngora's followers was Calderón; but here again, the mania for uprooting the Gongoristic heresy has led critics to abuse in Calderón what they admire in Shakespeare, and to forget that Calderón was above all things a dramatist, who had to make his effects by declamation—in inn-yard theatres which had no scenery, or on stages in palaces or gardens where he would have had a fabulous perspective of twisted, Salomonic columns, Baroque parterres, and clipped hedges. There is a good instance in Act 1. of "Life's a Dream." Clotaldo says that his heart, at the unexpected sight of his child, "though unable to break its chains, does what prisoners do—hearing a noise in the street, they rush to the window":

> no pudiendo
> romper los candados, hace
> lo que aquel que está encerrado,
> y oyendo ruido en la calle
> se asoma por la ventana.

Which is, after all, much the same as :

> Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
> As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
> If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no.

It is a difference of degree—and of latitude—rather than of kind.

Góngora was by way of being a musician. His latest biographer considers that some of his poems with popular refrains were written to music. This may be so ; there is a contemporary tune to the lines beginning *Aprended, flores, de mí.* But the poems which the composers of his time loved to set to music were not the popular ones, but, on the contrary, some of the most obscure, remote, and Gongoristic productions. Those awkward phrases, like bad translations from Virgil, the far-fetched antitheses, the mixed metaphors piled one upon the other like the " pious orgies of saints and angels " and the " decent convulsions " of a Baroque façade, proved to be extraordinarily effective when set to music. Even in England, " madrigal verse " (as Dr. Fellowes has shown in his anthology of it) could be Gongoristic to the last degree—witness : " Thule, the period of cosmography . . .," and in Spain it was not less so. Why again did Góngora avoid a simple and straightforward epithet like *obscuro*, and prefer the unusual and to some critics irritating *lóbrego* ? Surely the reasons were metrical, and musical. The rhythm of dances like the Chaconne was just coming in (the " rhythm of the Galician bagpipes," as Spanish metrists call it) : and its influence can be traced in poetry all through the seventeenth century.

Architecture, painting, music—everything that Góngora and his contemporaries saw and heard

tended to make them Baroque poets ; and being Spaniards, they were men to whom flamboyance and rhetoric were natural modes of expression. The marvel of the Spanish language is that at all times it has been capable both of extreme decoration and of extreme concision. The " feathered lyres and metal birds " (*cítaras de pluma y aves de metal*) of Calderón, the " feathered ships " (*naves de pluma*) of Lope, the " feathered clarions " (*clarines de pluma*) of Góngora are as characteristic of Castilian as the rock-hewn line of a living poet, Antonio Machado :

> lleva quien deja y vive el que ha vivido.

which needs two lines of English to translate it :

> He who leaves work well done is with us still ;
> And he who truly lived, lives on for ever.

Gongorism was not an isolated phenomenon ; it was part of the Baroque movement ; and new interest in Góngora, the father of Baroque poetry, is a sign of the times. It is essential for all who care about Spanish poetry—for those who " invoke " the name of Góngora (as it has often been invoked in Paris)—to try to make up their minds what they really think about Góngora and " Gongorism "—by reading the poet himself.

INTERLUDE

THE FAIRIES IN SPAIN

THERE is only one disappointment in store for those who wander in Spain, or among Spanish books; it is that there are no native fairies. In Galicia there may be; but Galicia is green and moist with the Atlantic on two sides of it, and if there are any fairies there (as Galicians say), the probability is that they are Irish ones. Perhaps people believed in fairies in Spain before the days of the Inquisition. There must have been some belief in the "little people" in green cloaks or red hoods, with the music which they taught men and women to sing in the shape of folk-songs. There must have been hats or cloaks which made the wearer invisible. But the fairies were, of course, pagans; they fled from the sign of the Cross, and could not abide the singing of Christian hymns. So it is possible that in the realms of His Most Catholic Majesty they were frightened away by the Church festivals and processions, and dogmas which it was as much as life was worth to question; until at last they fled over the Pyrenees, or followed the last of the Moors when they were driven back into Africa.

Yet one cannot believe that there are no such things as fairies in Spanish tradition. Mothers and children are much the same all the world over; and not all the saints in the Spanish calendar, even the most homely ones, can make up for the part which the fairies played in the bringing up of a large

family. In one respect, indeed, Pepito and Lolita have a decided advantage over us ; their Christmas presents are brought by the Three Kings in person. But whether the Three Kings are fairies or not—some say that they are the three Fates—they are like other Spanish fairy-people in being not really Spanish at all. They are the remains of exotic mythologies or primitive epics from Persia and the East ; and they have had to pass through all the countries of Europe before they got to Spain. Yet as a belief in fairy-folk existed, and exists still in many parts of the world, there must have been some kind of need which people felt for them. What met this need in Spain ?

The answer is partly that, in Spain, ballads and romances have taken the place of the fairy stories, and that the people in them—the knights and ladies, the Moors, princesses and astrologers—have settled into people's minds and affections as much as any of the sprites in Shakespeare or Grimm. It is odd that, while the story of King Arthur and the French " Chansons de Gestes " are full of folk-lore, the romances of Spain, with the exception of " Conde Arnaldos " and one or two others, show hardly any sign of it. Spanish ballads are derived either from historic events or from the brilliant, dashing imagination of the Spaniard when he really " gets going." Even the historical figures have become creatures of the imagination. It is quite likely that there never was any such person as Roderick, last of the Goths, and that Count Julian and his daughter whom the king saw bathing are all an ingenious fiction ; but they are none the less alive for that, and lived in the imagination of Arabs and Christians for many hundred years, as Sr. Menéndez Pidal has so convincingly shown.

Fairy-folk sometimes appear in Spanish tradition,

but it is only on the rarest occasions that they get into Spanish literature. There is Calderón's admirable play " The Goblin Lady " (*La Dama Duende*) ; yet as far as the goblin goes, it might as well have been written by Voltaire. Fairies in Spain are not well-beloved literary conventions—and sometimes just a little more—as they are with us. They are merely " folk-lore," and are hidden away in collections of popular tales for learned men, like the eleven little volumes of " Tradiciones populares españolas," published at Seville in the 'eighties of the last century, and various volumes of tales from the Basque provinces, Galicia, the Asturias, Catalonia, and the Balearic Isles.

There are one or two English collections of fairy-tales and popular traditions from Spain, however. The tales are as a rule well told and well illustrated ; the seasoning with Spanish proverbs gives them a characteristic Spanish flavour. Indeed, some are so thickly strewn with these " refranes " that they might almost have come out of that little play (one of the apocryphal works of Cervantes) in which all the characters speak in proverbs from beginning to end. What with the tales which have come to Spain across Europe and those which were brought by Arab story-tellers, Spain should be particularly rich ; but the attitude towards the subject, the extraordinary scepticism of the Spanish mind and its freedom from nearly all superstitions, have made it unlikely that a Grimm or a Perrault, a Dasent or an Andrew Lang will ever arise in the Peninsula. Those wise mortals in Nordic countries, who read fairy-tales and keep a book of them always handy by their bedside, will find here many devices, many pieces of folk-lore, primitive culture, and ancient belief with which they are already familiar.

One tale, retold lately by the authors of "Wonder Tales of Ancient Spain," is particularly full of reminiscences. It begins with a childless King and Queen, to whom appears an old man, promising that the thing shall happen, provided that the boy is theirs only until he is twenty. On the night of his twentieth birthday the prince is carried off by the jinni; but he is befriended by the birds both great and small, and eventually by the jinni's youngest and prettiest daughter. He is set three tasks, which she helps him to perform. He removes a mountain from before the palace. He tames a wild horse. "Fear nothing [she said]. Father is the horse; mother is the saddle; my sisters are the stirrups; and they are your enemies. But I shall be the bridle, so that with my help you can come safely through." The prince gives the horse such a leathering that the jinni cannot stir for weeks. Meanwhile he has secretly married the jinni's daughter, and is beginning to think he will live happily ever after. Then the third and last task is announced to him. He must find a ring which the jinni once dropped into the sea. Once again the jinni's daughter comes to the rescue; she must be cut up into small pieces and all the pieces thrown into the sea. That night the tragical deed is done; but just before daybreak the jinni's daughter stands before him once more, lovelier than ever. She has found the ring at the bottom of the sea, but has lost one of her fingers; the prince had forgotten to throw it into the sea with the other pieces. The jinni has one more task for him to perform—the old marriage custom of choosing the bride from among her bridesmaids, all dressed exactly alike and swathed from head to foot in folds of linen. Of course the prince knows his lady by her missing finger; they escape, and after many adventures

reach the prince's native land. The jinni, however, has laid a curse upon them : " Your husband shall forget you when an old woman kisses him." The first thing that happens to the prince is that he is kissed by his mother, and his bride is left forgotten at an inn. But a jinni's daughter is always full of resource. She takes service in the family of a nobleman, and when the prince's wedding is announced she begins to make a set of puppets that should represent her father, her mother, her two sisters, herself, and Prince Juan.

" When the day for the nuptials arrived everybody assembled to witness the spectacle. . . . Presently one of the puppets . . . said :

" ' Do you remember how I removed the mountain ? '

" ' No ! ' replied the Prince-puppet.

" Whack ! The Princess-puppet hit the Prince-puppet on the head with a stick.

" Everybody laughed heartily except Juan, for when the blow fell it seemed as though a sharp wire had been drawn right through his brain, and he shuddered.

" ' Do you remember how you tamed the horse with its saddle and stirrups ? '

" ' No ! ' replied the Prince-puppet.

" Whack ! The whole Court roared with laughter. Juan put his hand to his aching head.

" ' Do you remember how Father said you would forget me when an old woman kissed you ? '

" ' No ! '

" A most terrific blow followed this time. . . . They saw Juan leave his place and rush towards the stage. . . . He went up to the serving-maid who was working the puppets, and, clasping her in his arms before all the Court, cried :

" ' I remember! I remember! It has all come back.' "

It is not only the literary convention of folk-lore that has been neglected in Spain. The serious side of it, the study of primitive culture and comparative religion, is practically untouched; the author of " The Golden Bough " could give fewer references to Spain than to any country in Europe. A beginning has been made, however; and Miss G. G. King, of Bryn Mawr College, in the third volume of the Hispanic Society's monograph, " The Way of St. James," has given a remarkable summary —never before attempted—of comparative religion in Spain. For some curious reason that part of the book has been passed over in silence by nearly all reviewers and Hispanic scholars who have read the book. That is a reason, therefore, why it should be commended to the notice of every one interested in Spanish things.

SPANISH CHILDREN AT PLAY

In the city of Cadiz there is a church, with a side door which leads out on to a narrow garden and esplanade, looking over the blue bay. There were some children playing outside. They kept calling each other by name, and their names were almost all fantastic variations on the name of the Virgin Mary—Maripilar, Maribel, Mariucha, Mariamparita. Mariamparita had dark brown hair which hung in two pigtails down her back. She had long bare legs, with white socks and black shoes, and a white frock with large grey squares. She was evidently the eldest, and directed the games. She addressed the others as "Señora," and said "Will you do me the favour?" She called something—or some one—"very pretty and very distracting." They were playing a game called "One, two, three." One stood by a tree with her back to the rest. She hit the tree three times, and turned round suddenly. The others crept forward as far as they could while her back was turned; if she saw any of them move, she called them by name, and they had to go back to the starting-point.

I had to go away, but at the end of the garden I turned round and saw that Mariamparita had started some sort of round game with singing. The words came distinctly and I stopped to listen:

En Cádiz vive una ni—
En Cádiz vive una ni—
que Catalina se llama,
que Ca-ta-lina se lla-ma.

In Cadiz once there lived a maid,
And Ca-ta-lina was her name.

Next morning I went back to the esplanade. There was no one there, and all the seats had been arranged with their backs to the view. The trees made dark blue patches of shadow and kept off the light of the sun and a good deal of the heat as well. I turned a seat round so that I could look at the sea, and saw that the gardener was close by, with a hose in his hand, watering. I thought at first that I had made an enemy of him by moving the seat; but all he said was: "It 's good, eh?" He directed the hose on to flower-beds, seats, and tree-trunks. "Splendid trees," he said again, "splendid trees! The thickest kind of shade and the smallest kind of tree! Good, eh?" Presently there were shrill, animated voices, and Mariamparita appeared with her troop. She had on another frock, white with black stripes rather far apart, and showed an enchanting amount of bare leg. At first they played independently. Some sat on the seats, while others played with a wooden "scooter" or with hoops. Mariamparita directed some skipping, which was performed to a half-chanted, half-spoken rhyme something like this:

One, two, three, four,
Five, six, seven, eight;
The Queen did sit
In her cabinet.
Said the King to the Queen:
"It 's time to go down."
Said the Queen to the King:
"I 've lost my crown!"
Said the King to the Queen:
"I 've four of my own."
Said the Queen: "You can lend me
One of so many."
Said the King: "No, my dear,
I can't lend you
Any."

Then Mariamparita collected some of the smaller children for a round game. A merry little person, with chubby cheeks and chubby legs, stood in the middle, and then said :

" Well, good-bye, my dears, I really must be going ! "

" Oh, wait a moment ! " they cried, dancing round her :

Don't go away,
We want to play.

The chubby little person smoothed her short frock, and the others danced round her again. She began to sing :

Oh, I am
A widow,
The Countess
Laurelle.
I want to
Be married ;
To whom, I
Can't tell.

And the ring replied, dancing round her :

A lady
So pretty—
You 've nothing
To fear.
Come, choose at
Your pleasure,
A hundred
Are here.

They stopped ; and the widowed countess, looking round at the circle of eager faces, said :

I choose—*you* !

The game went on for some time, with different countesses and variations in the words :

To the lady
In the middle,
We 've a present
You shall see !
Here 's a pair
Of golden scissors,
For to learn
Embroidery.[1]

And " the lady in the middle " took up the tune :

If the scissors
Are all golden,
You may give them
Here to me ;
For to cut
Out pretty dresses,
And to give
Them to . . .

She looked round the ring—

. . . to *She !*

And the chosen one took her place.

Presently the game dissolved into a general dance, in which some sang one thing and some another. The rhyme they seemed to like best had to do with Saragossa. It was about a tower falling ; and the schoolboys, who had pocket-money, were to build it up again. But another verse went on to say that the boys had only twopence to buy salad ; and if the salad were good the Andalucians would eat it.

[1] This really seemed to be what they sang :

Unas ti-
-jeretas de oro,
para apren-
-der a bordar.

The next verse was about a fountain at Madrid which had twelve spouts :

En la calle ancha
de San Bernardo
hay una fuente
con doce caños . . .

Later on they got back to Saragossa with a rhyme which they all knew :

En Zaragoza, si,
en Zaragoza, no,
en Zaragoza, niña
de mi co-ra-zón.

In Saragossa, no,
In Saragossa, yes,
She lives in Saragossa,
Does my heart's mistress.

Some one suggested "The Robbers." "The Robbers, the Robbers!" they cried; and the others, who had been sitting on the seats or playing by themselves, came running up and joined the group. They made a large circle, and two girls, Mariamparita and another, stood in the middle. Mariamparita tried to cover her face with her frock; but it was too short, and her companion covered herself instead. The game was begun by the ring, which produced all manner of groans and curious noises. Then they seemed to take the part of distressed damsels, for they sang something which sounded like :

Oh, what can it be,
That noise in the street,
All night and all day,
That we never can sleep ?

The robber whose face was hidden in her frock replied :

Oh, we are the robbers,
We 've come all the way
To find Doña Anna,
And steal her away.

The ring made answer :

Doña Anna 's not here,
To the garden she 's gone
For flowers that blossom
In May and in June.

Then the second robber, who was not masked, and had been looking about her, exclaimed :

What 's that over there ?
Let 's steal it away !

But the ring gathered round the masked robber, and covered her with their skirts, saying :

Let 's hide, let 's hide !
The robbers have come,
And the children they catch
Will never come home.

Then they all began to run and hid themselves behind the trees ; but the robbers ran after them, and presently caught two, who became robbers in their turn.

It had become rather warm, even under the dense, blue shade of the trees ; and after two or three more turns of robbers, the actors sat down on the seats. Mariamparita was untiring.

" Shall I tell you a story ? " she began.

" Yes ! " they cried.

" Shall I tell you a story which has no end ? "

" Yes, do."

" I didn't ask you to say ' Yes, *do* ' ; what I asked you was whether you wanted me to tell you a story which had no end."

They all clapped their hands ; it was evidently an old favourite.

" Well," she went on, " once upon a time there was a cat which had paws of velvet. And his little behind . . . Shall I tell you the rest of it another time ? "

Pues, señor,
este era un gato
que tenía
las patitas de trapo,
y el culito
al revés . . .
¿ Quieres que te lo cuente
otra vez ?

They applauded again. " Another, another ! " they cried.

" Once upon a time," began Mariamparita.

Once upon a time
Was a king sublime
Who had three lovely daughters ;
He dressed them in their best
And put them in a chest,
And flung them from the roof into the water.

As they can't be mended,
My story 's ended.

Pues, señor,
este era un Rey,
que tenía
tres hijas,
las metió
en tres botijas,

las ¡vistió
de colorado,
y las echó
por un tejado.
Y ya está
mi cuento acabado.

They began a game which was played by shutting hands and guessing which one held a stone. Then Mariamparita whispered something to one of the small people, who got up and came to ask me the time.

It was twelve o'clock, and like an idiot I told the truth.

They moved slowly away under the trees.

It seemed as if the clock had struck midnight and the fairies had vanished.

MODERN PROSE-WRITERS

UNAMUNO AS NOVELIST

ONE of the greatest puzzles confronting those who take an interest in modern Spain is the position of Don Miguel de Unamuno. Distinguished as philosopher and essayist, as poet and novelist, he was for many years Rector of the University of Salamanca, and is universally acknowledged to be an inspiring teacher and the kindest of men. In 1921 he was very much the man of the moment. Political life in Spain was in a state of incredible confusion ; but the general public, as usual, took no interest in it whatever, preferring to suffer in patience and in silence under the oppression of rulers who combined a degree of militarism unthinkable in any northern country with the most extraordinary and unfailing incompetence. Unamuno was the only strong voice raised in protest, the only man who wrote unflinchingly what every one was thinking : that once more the Government had let the country down, and that apparently no one was to be blamed for it.

Then came the military government ; and one day in February Unamuno was invited to exchange the frosts of Salamanca for the serener air of the Canary Isles. For many years he had been in the habit of writing articles directed against the King, and was accustomed to say pretty much what he liked about him in " El Liberal," in spite of occasional trials for *lèse-majesté* and sentences of Seven Years and a Day, which, however, had never taken effect. On this occasion he was said to have

published a malicious libel on the Queen, and the authorities forthwith took steps to ensure that it should not occur again. He was deprived of his chair (he had seldom lectured regularly or " kept his terms ") ; and though, after a few months, the decree of banishment was rescinded, he has since preferred to live away from Spain, a voluntary exile.

Apart from politics, again, Unamuno's supremacy as a writer is accepted without question. It is only when it has to be explained in cold blood in another country that the difficulty arises. " What is his system ? " ask the philosophers. Well, Unamuno's most important work, " The Tragic Sense of Life," has been published in English, so that his " system " is there for any one who cares to investigate it. His attitude, however, is more completely expressed in his essays, some of which also have been translated into English. His poem, " El Cristo de Velázquez," presents the same problem as his novels. The indispensable preliminary to a right understanding of these two works is to get at the author's point of view ; and that, for the majority of Englishmen, will be a difficult thing to do. Unamuno himself is an Anglophile of the Anglophiles ; we may not understand him, but there is no question of his intimate understanding of us. And we, by accident perhaps, have spared him the insult inflicted upon him by an allied nation, which only began to take notice of him as a thinker when it was discovered that his sympathies during the war were fervently pro-Ally. The difficulty is that it is only too easy to misunderstand him, or to understand him in part. It is probable that the translation of " The Tragic Sense of Life " will be hailed by obscurantists and reactionaries as confirming their ideas, while actually it does nothing

of the sort. It has always been the tragedy of reformers that, when their views become known, all the thick-headed people crowd round them and say : " Of course, I have been thinking that all along ! "

Unamuno's latest novel is called " La Tía Tula " (Aunt Gertrudis). It is—if the author will forgive us for saying so (indeed, his introduction has done much to suggest it)—the story of a feminine Don Quixote, whose mind was upset—or perhaps we should say set up—through reading, not books of chivalry, but the life and letters of Santa Teresa. Aunt Gertrudis, " Tía Tula," is a remarkable achievement in character-drawing ; but for more than half the book she is little more than a figure, unreal, or at any rate synthetic. She does human things, but she is scarcely human herself. Her Quixotism—Unamuno in one of his sonnets has called Santa Teresa a sacred she-Quixote (*Quijotesa a lo divino*)—makes every one she encounters unhappy ; and it does not make converts of us to find that that same Quixotism ultimately rights all wrongs and leaves a family of happy, devoted children, whose unhappy parents (a father and two mothers) have mercifully been removed. From the first, Gertrudis is the severe aunt rather than the elder sister. Ramiro, the eligible young man, is hesitating between the two. Gertrudis encounters him alone one day when he has come to the house. Which does he like best ? He grudgingly answers . . . he thinks . . . her sister. This will not do for Gertrudis. When is he going to marry her sister ? Gertrudis will allow no courtship, no dallying. The aim is matrimony, and the object of matrimony is babies. Gertrudis is a person who has no use for means apart from the end. She cannot see that life and living consist not in accomplishment, but in the way thither ; that the precious

interval is as important as the actions which begin and end it. So, in her idea, married life is reduced to having babies ; it is the result of logic ruthlessly pursued. In her own case she has to square her repulsion for men with the duty of bringing up a family ; hence she becomes the severe but devoted aunt of a number of nephews and nieces who have been brought into the world practically at her orders. When at last her sister dies in child-birth, Aunt Tula refuses to become anything more than an aunt.

" ' You are a saint, Gertrudis,' Ramiro told her, when he had been detected in an intrigue with the maid, ' but a saint who has made men sinners.' "

This danger had been foreseen by Gertrudis's Father-confessor :

" ' Don't you understand me ? I tell you as plainly as I can that your brother-in-law is in danger ; and if he falls, the responsibility will be yours.'
" ' Mine ? '
" ' Of course ! ' "

He goes on to explain how Gertrudis herself may provide the remedy, *un remedio contra la sensualidad*. Gertrudis is horrified :

" ' But no, padre, no, no, no ! I 'm not going to be a remedy against anything. What 's all this about considering myself a remedy ? And a remedy against . . . *that* ! No ; I think better of myself.' "

In passages like this Gertrudis becomes something more than a synthetic saint ; but she lives most vividly in the recollection of her nephew, Ramirín. She had been teaching him geometry,

and had made him beautiful little cardboard models to explain how there could be only five regular polyhedra. In a flash we see her as a real person, beautiful and convincing :

" ' But don't you see ? ' she used to say, ' don't you see ? Only five, and no more ; not one more or one less. Isn't it lovely ! It must be so ; it couldn't be otherwise.' And as she said it, she would show me five models of white cardboard, perfectly white, which she had made with her own dear hands—they were marvels for doing anything. It was as if she had just discovered the law of the five regular polyhedra all by herself."

The book is filled with beautiful thoughts ; yet it leaves on one a feeling of repulsion difficult to explain. We like to imagine life as something more than having babies in stuffy rooms—" Matrimony was not instituted solely for the procreation of children," as Gertrudis's confessor put it—and we have a suspicion that Sr. Unamuno's passionate interest in infant-welfare would be dismissed by some actual welfare-workers as *cosas de hombres*—" You men with your ideas ! " as Aunt Tula was always saying. Many passages in the book have, indeed, an interest which is purely technical ; that horror of the feeding-bottle, for instance, is an interesting and significant reflection upon Spanish ways. The children, as is natural, grow more human as they grow older ; one would tolerate any quantity of messy description for a passage like this :

" ' There, there [said Aunt Tula to the youngest of her nieces], don't cry like that.'

" ' But I 'm not crying ! Don't you see that I 'm not crying ? '

" ' Crying 's all very well to wash your eyes, if you 've seen anything ugly. But you haven't seen anything ugly ; you couldn't.'

" ' But couldn't I shut my eyes instead ? '

" ' No, no ; if you did that, you would see things that were even uglier.' "

No space remains for consideration of the " Three Exemplary Novels." The best of them, as the author whimsically suggests, is perhaps the prologue. In the endeavour to make his persons real, to show them struggling and suffering " with the most intimate reality," Sr. Unamuno deliberately leaves out those things about them without which it is difficult to make them seem " real " and convincing. His stories are exemplary in a sense that is the very opposite to that intended by Cervantes in the prologue to his own " Exemplary Novels." Compared with Cervantes, Sr. Unamuno lacks breadth, geniality, urbanity ; but, above all, he despises what might be called " tactile values." His figures belong more to the world of ideas than to the world of sensations ; and there is no reason why they should not do so. Where they fail is in a total lack of humour.

But, after all, the theme of " La Tía Tula " is that of a woman whose mind has been deranged by reading too much Santa Teresa. Sr. Unamuno admits in the preface that the full possibilities of it only began to dawn upon him when the book was nearly finished ; and it is a subject which could hardly be undertaken satisfactorily by a man. It would need some one who was, in a way, herself a great lady—the Duchess in " Don Quixote," for example. It is pleasant to imagine what " La Tía Tula " would have been like if it had been dictated by the Duchess to Altisidora, her maid.

UNAMUNO AND THE TRAGIC SENSE

THE river Ebro, which rises in the province of Santander on the Bay of Biscay and falls into the Mediterranean some way to the south of Tarragona, divides the Peninsula into two unequal divisions. Speaking roughly, and excepting the Mediterranean coast, it may be said that the people who live in this slice of country are strong, hardy men of simple psychology, robust faith, and little humour. They include men of three different traditions and languages: Catalans of the Eastern Pyrenees (as distinct from those of the seashore), Aragonese, and Basques from Navarre and the three Basque Provinces proper. Beyond this line and to the south-west of it there is usually a different spirit among the people. The Portuguese and the various kinds of Spaniards beyond the Ebro (Galicians, Andaluces, Castilians, and the Catalans by the Mediterranean) are usually men of subtle minds, a great sense of humour, and, above all, a sense of irony—a sense, that is, "which accepts at every moment, in a way that is marginal but implicit, the possibility of ultimate contradiction and future progress," a people amongst whom the sense of the ridiculous is almost pathological. The grave and reverend Castilian of tradition has been rather exaggerated. He is not always grave and reverend, by any means; nor is it these qualities alone which have struck observant English travellers in Spain, either now or in the past. Those solemn hidalgos in El Greco's picture of the burial of Count Orgaz,

for instance, must have had a sense of humour. They look solemn because they are attending a funeral, and having their portraits painted into the bargain—who could appear anything else but solemn under such conditions! Even the Duke and Duchess from "Don Quixote" would have looked solemn if they had been painted by El Greco.

But there was, of course, a really saddening influence on Spanish life, and on life wherever Spanish Government officials had anything to do with it, an influence which was beginning to be felt even in the time of Cervantes, and one which was more blighting to gaiety and happiness than the most austere Puritanism—the Counter-Reformation and the rise of the Jesuits. But here the voice of Don Miguel de Unamuno would be raised in protest—or irony: "The Counter-Reformation? Why, it 's the greatest thing Spain ever did!"

"Was there no importance, was there nothing akin to cultural hegemony in the Counter-Reformation, of which Spain was the champion, and which in point of fact began with the sack of Rome by the Spaniards, a providential chastisement of the city of the pagan popes and the pagan Renaissance?"

We rub our eyes; even the Tragic Muse compresses her lips. But the voice of Unamuno is heard again:

"I feel that I have within me a mediaeval soul, and I believe that the soul of my country is mediaeval, that it has perforce passed through the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Revolution—learning from them, yes, but without allowing them to touch the soul, preserving the spiritual inheritance which has come down from what are

called the Dark Ages. And Quixotism is simply the most desperate phase of the struggle between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance."

" Unamuno is very Spanish, then," an English reader will say. " That is, surely, a very ordinary Spanish point of view." But that is by no means the case. Unamuno is no ordinary Spaniard ; he is a very extraordinary one—a particular Spanish type raised to its highest power. To begin with, he is a Basque, from that strip of country between the Ebro and the Pyrenees ; there is no nonsense about him, no frivolousness, no superficiality ; he is always in desperate earnest. Mr. Madariaga (who wrote an introduction to the English translation of " The Tragic Sense of Life ") was reminded of Unamuno during an Eisteddfod, where, he says, the bards were all either " pressmen " or " divines." He compares Unamuno to a Welsh divine. A Welshman, on the contrary, would find little in the appearance or manner of Unamuno which reminded him of his own people. Yet the figure would be oddly familiar, somehow. To a Spaniard, Unamuno is altogether exceptional ; there is something very " northern " about him—something very Protestant, in spite of his convinced if unorthodox Catholicism. An Englishman can place him at once. Unamuno, though a man of immense learning, is a muscular Christian, and belongs definitely to the race of muscular Christians from Charles Kingsley, the first of them, down to the present day. What Kingsley would have thought at being compared with a Spaniard is difficult to say. Yet Unamuno's position in modern Spain is curiously like that of Kingsley in the England of 1848 or the 'sixties. As university professors, both were engaged in teaching subjects which seemed curiously alien to them.

Unamuno, to judge from his published works, has little of what is usually regarded as the Greek spirit; and Kingsley, as professor of modern history at Cambridge, has no sympathy with the aims of the scientific historian. Where Unamuno and Kingsley touch each other is in their attitude to politics. Both might be described as Christian social reformers; they are never tired of protesting against the injustice, cruelty, and ignorance of the world around them. Unamuno has put more heart into his political articles than into any of his other writings. After the disaster in Morocco (as we saw) he never ceased to scourge the Government for its mismanagement of public affairs and its oppression of private citizens; nor did the Crown itself escape his biting censure.

In Spain, the ex-Rector of the University of Salamanca has become an institution which every man of intelligence would defend, even though he could not agree with his doctrines. A caricaturist has represented him as an *owl*—" a wonderful thrust at the heart of Unamuno's character," says Mr. Madariaga, " two owlish eyes piercing the darkness of spiritual night." There is something of the stern attitude of Loyola about Unamuno's " tragic sense of life "; and on this subject—under one form or another his only subject—he admits no joke, no flippancy, no subterfuge. His individualism is founded upon a religious basis; his social theory cannot be set down and analysed into principles of ethics and politics, with their inevitable tendency to degenerate into " mere economics." The man of " flesh and bones " can be content with nothing less than a real, concrete, flesh-and-bones immortality. " His reason can rise no higher than scepticism, and, unable to become vital, dies sterile; his faith, exacting anti-rational affirmations and unable

therefore to be apprehended by the logical mind, remains incommunicable. From the bottom of this abyss Unamuno builds up his theory of life. . . . It is on the survival of his will to live, after all the onslaughts of his critical intellect, that he finds his basis for belief."

The subject is too controversial to be examined in this place. Many readers in this country will doubt whether Unamuno has given due weight to the results of recent work in comparative religion; and many more will disagree with him in his scorn for music.

"I have read in a Protestant theologian, Ernst Troeltsch, that in the conceptual order Protestantism has attained its highest range in music, in which art Bach has given it its mightiest artistic expression. This, then, is what Protestantism dissolves into—celestial music."

And in a footnote the translator explains that the expression *música celestial* is commonly used for "nonsense, something not worth listening to." In a musical country like England this will seem strange indeed.

Like Don Quixote, Unamuno is half conscious that he is playing a losing game; in fact, winning or losing is to him a matter of indifference. In this he shows himself very "northern." The mystics of Spain have always been a small minority. To some Spaniards, and particularly those of the Mediterranean, there can be no glory without success. The Mediterranean hero (says Eugenio d'Ors in his "Glossary") is Ulysses, the wise and crafty, who suffered many reverses of fortune, but was victorious in the end because he brought the task he had undertaken to a successful conclusion.

Compare Ulysses with Siegfried or Sir Tristram or any of the heroes of northern mythology. With them it is victory in defeat, salvation in death, the will to ruin. Ulysses must play to win; but Tristram can play to lose in the tragic game. He can lose with impunity and triumph at the same time. Success has no part in the definition of his purpose; on the contrary, his enterprise is ennobled by failure. The purest and most graceful hero of victory in defeat is Don Quixote; the strongest and most combative is Don Miguel de Unamuno. Yet his strength is the strength of a prophet, not of a leader of men.

BAROJA: THE MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF ACTION

Pío Baroja, the most considerable of living Spanish novelists, has been something of a puzzle both to his friends and his enemies. He is a good deal read in this country by those who can read him in the original, and he has been studied sympathetically and in some detail in a recent English book on modern Spain. In the United States criticism has been less kind to him, but it is there that he is being translated. Two novels, "Sagacity Fair" (1905) and "Caesar or Nothing" (1910), together with the book of autobiographical notes called "Youth, Self-worship" (1917), have already been published in America in English versions, while "The Lady Errant" (1908)—which gives the earlier history of two of the principals in "The City of Fog" (1909), the novel about London—is announced for this year. "Caesar or Nothing" is, however, the first to attract a publisher in London. This novel, which begins in clerical circles in modern Rome and ends in a very "Old Castilian" town in Old Castile, is one of the best that Baroja has written; it remains, with "That 's the Way of the World!" (1912), one of the two of Baroja's works most likely to interest an English reader. Caesar Moncada, the nephew of a cardinal, is a person who is utterly unscrupulous in his methods, but he uses them for the good of his constituency. He is a fervent admirer of Caesar Borgia, and also of Ignatius Loyola, though it is Loyola who proves his undoing.

" The parallelism between the doings of Caesar Borgia and Ignatius Loyola surprised me [he wrote to a friend]. What one tried to do in the sphere of action the other did in the sphere of thought. These twin Spanish figures, both odious to the masses, have given the Church its direction ; one, Loyola, through the impulse to spiritual power ; the other, Caesar Borgia, through the impulse to temporal power."

Baroja, however much of a " realist " he might be, however strongly he might hate insincerity and pretence, had, like most other novelists, to discover his own world and reconstruct it after his own design. The result, at first, was curiously like the modern world in which he lived ; there always emerged from it a man of great promise and many good qualities, who yet was always baffled by the stupidity, ignorance, and vested interests surrounding him, and ended his days (sometimes prematurely and by his own hand) with a sense of uselessness and frustration. Of this theme " Caesar or Nothing " is, perhaps, the most complete expression. Baroja's heroes always have youth and a considerable portion of " self-worship " ; Caesar Moncada, unlike some of the others, has complete confidence in himself, and until his marriage almost succeeds in his plans for reform. It is only then that he fails. His wife is entirely under the influence of his political enemies ; the modern, enlightened Borgia stands no chance against the mediaeval night of Loyola.

Many of Baroja's young men, however, are diffident and never quite sure of themselves ; and this quality, though we recognize it sometimes in England (as Baroja recognizes it in Spain) as a peculiarly modern failing, is repugnant to any

citizen of the United States. America — the Americas—would never have become what they are if their youth had not been sure of itself; for the only way to be quite sure of oneself is to deny that there is such a thing as diffidence. It is this attitude which provides the starting-point for the most recent American criticism. Professor G. G. King, for instance, considers that Baroja is afflicted with an "inferiority complex"; and this lack of vitality gives him a perpetual fear that he may be overlooked and that his success is not quite assured. "Shivering in a world of frustration, he is loud for action, without much concern what the action may be." On the other hand, Ortega Gasset, the critic and thinker who will probably be found to count for most among his Spanish contemporaries, has no illusions as to there being an "inferiority complex" in modern Europe, though he might not at first recognize it under that name; while as for Spain, he sees, as Baroja does, that the first thing to be done is to shake people out of that "sense of frustration" which is the natural and inevitable result of the power of *caciques* and churchmen and the arrogance and inefficiency of many officers and officials. Baroja is anti-clerical, to be sure, and anti-militarist as well; but Ortega sees that what is wrong is not priests or soldiers, but want of leadership. No one has felt the sense of frustration more keenly than Baroja; for himself, he has got over it by writing novels. In the world which he had fashioned for his characters he saw that action was the cure; and a life of action, in his eyes, was not very different from a life of adventure. Action for action's sake should be the ideal of every strong and healthy man. To this Ortega replies: "One would rather say that action is the ideal of Baroja, who is neither particularly strong nor particularly healthy, and

sometimes suffers from rheumatism and indigestion." What interests him in a man is his go, energy, *brio*. " If it were possible to go and live in a picture by El Greco, Baroja would be the first inhabitant."

After the events of the last few years, and the events which are still taking place in Morocco and on the borders of Europe, we are inclined to be suspicious of a man whose only recommendations are strength, hardness, and the other military qualities. He seems, at first, to be trying to drag us back to that state of barbarism which we have so narrowly escaped ; and most readers, especially in England, will be looking for something more truly imaginative, something which seems to have a more definitely intellectual value, than " Memoirs of a Man of Action." Yet English people who read Spanish will miss a great deal if they miss Baroja. Like all good novelists, Baroja had to discover his own " Indies " and make his new dominion for himself ; yet shortly before the war he abandoned his old world of modern Spain, where everything seemed to be inadequate, and set out as a *Conquistador* in a new one, planned like the Spanish scene at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was an age which was, as a matter of fact, no less insufficient than the one he had left ; the early years of the nineteenth century were years in which the history of Spain became the history of various generals. But the men who lived then had go, *brio*, vitality ; and to many of them a life of adventure was the only reasonable life which a man could lead. The chaos of the French invasion and the Peninsular War ; the return of a French army of occupation within ten years of Wellington's last victories and the hurried retreat of the survivors across the Pyrenees ; the Carlist wars and the *pronuncia-*

mientos of the generals, all combined to produce a state of unrest and a loss of time from which Spain has only recovered by her neutrality in the late war with Germany. Spain, indeed, might be said to have had no nineteenth century, compared with the nineteenth century in the remainder of Western Europe. Yet such conditions, however wasteful from the points of view of economic progress or individual happiness, were a golden age for men of action and provide a rich harvest for the novelist, as may be seen in the " National Episodes " of Pérez Galdós and Baroja's " Memoirs of a Man of Action."

One day, Baroja came across some papers concerning a great-uncle of his, Eugenio de Aviraneta, a man who had fought in the Peninsular War, had taken part as a Liberal and Constitutionalist in every movement in Spain, and is said to have been with Byron at Missolonghi. Beginning with these and undertaking a considerable amount of research in various archives and original documents, Baroja has produced a dozen little volumes of " Memoirs of a Man of Action." How far the Aviraneta of the novels agrees with the Aviraneta of Spanish history must be left to future historians to decide. We imagine that Baroja has not willingly distorted his historical material, and has only invented in places where his documents give no information. A variety of methods have been used to tell the story. The author seldom comes on to the stage himself ; Aviraneta appears in the stories and reminiscences of a great many different people, and at other times relates his experiences in the course of conversation. It was necessary, however, to find some one to whom Aviraneta could talk when no one else was present, and fill in the gaps in the story of his life. Accordingly, in " The Conspirator's Apprentice," the

opening volume of the set, two-thirds of the book are devoted to giving a general idea of Aviraneta as he struck his contemporaries at the time of the first Carlist war, and his meeting with Leguía, who becomes the receptacle of his reminiscences. Leguía also is founded upon a real person ; and an excellent modern bust of him is to be seen in the small village of Navarre which was his birthplace. The remainder of the volume is occupied with memories of Aviraneta's childhood in Madrid about 1800, and his adventures at school at Irun, on the French frontier.

In the second volume, " The Guerrilla Troop," the action takes place in Old Castile during the Peninsular War, in which Aviraneta fought in a band of *guerrilleros* commanded by the priest Merino. The third, " The Highways of the World," consists of three short stories, showing the Man of Action in France and then in Mexico. In " With Pen and Sword " Aviraneta is back in Old Castile in 1822, taking the field against his old chief, the priest Merino. " The Resources of Cunning " is made up of two short stories : " The Nun," a grim tale of that most grim Castilian town, Cuenca ; and another dealing with a campaign made by the *guerrilleros* of General D. Juan Martin, commonly known as " El Empecinado." " The Path of the Adventurer " also consists of two parts : " The Convent of Montsant," a curious, romantic tale of the Mediterranean, with something of the feeling of a painting by Böcklin ; and another story : " The Voyage without an Object." There is no space to mention all the volumes. From the names it might be imagined that they were merely sensational literature ; but they are not.

One of the most interesting to an English reader is " The Contrasts of Life," published in 1921.

Like most of the volumes of the memoirs, it consists of several detached episodes. One of these happens among Liberal refugees at Tangier. There is an attractive account of their life in the cheap pension, where the landlady's daughters employ their time in embroidering slippers, purses, belts, and harness which were afterwards sold in Tunis as genuine Moorish work. One of the refugees noticed that the design was not as good as it might be, and he arranged for a division of labour. When this was tried they found that the total production was almost doubled. The landlady was delighted, and eventually all four refugees set to work to cut out patterns.

"The Adventure of Missolonghi" presents Byron, and it presents him in a somewhat unusual light. Aviraneta, being the only Spaniard who had come to help him, was received with great friendliness, and lived on board Byron's ship for the last fortnight of the poet's life.

"'What luck you have had!' [an English officer said to him afterwards].

"'How?'

"'You have no idea what it means to have lived in intimacy with Lord Byron. Most of us Englishmen who were at Missolonghi never even spoke to him.'

"'Well, he was very pleasant and easily accessible; sometimes he was very affable indeed.'

"'Yes, to people who are unusual and have rather an odd history, as you have. A Spanish *guerrillero* who has fought under the orders of a priest—you don't meet men like that every day! For English people with no history his lordship was not nearly so accessible.'"

Aviraneta found that life on board Byron's ship

was of a regularity rather disconcerting to an old *guerrillero*. At five A.M. bagpipes played and a gun was fired ; it was the signal for every one to get up and turn out, so that the cabins might be swept. Byron himself rose at dawn, and read and wrote until eight. He did everything with the exactitude of a ship's chronometer. It was all very stiff and formal ; one had to dress for dinner.

There is an amusing anecdote of Colonel MacClair, one of the officers who helped to collect and drill the volunteers. It is best in the original :—

" Estuvimos en Nápoles un día, que aprovechamos el coronel MacClair y yo en recorrer la ciudad en un *calesín* desvencijado. El cochero nos dijo si queríamos conocer unas muchachas. MacClair contestó sacando la Biblia y poniéndose a leer. Luego aseguró que Nápoles es una ciudad aburrida y monótona."

A thing particularly noticeable, in this and in some of the other adventures, is the kindness and help which Aviraneta received from British naval men, soldiers, and consuls. One finds that it was always an English officer who " facilitated " things —or, in other words, " wangled " them for him ; and one can only hope that they are still prepared to do so for men like Aviraneta.

Among the most recent volumes—there are still two or three more to come—" La Isabellina " is of firmer construction and more of a book than some of the others. It gives the reader a real feeling of old Madrid, with Aviraneta, his friends and enemies, going about muffled in their cloaks. " The Furies " (1921) brings back the atmosphere of the Carlist wars seen, not, as many novelists have seen them, as beautiful and romantic experiences, but as some-

thing cruel and disgusting, always a nuisance and nowadays unmentionable—a view shared by the majority of Spaniards both then and since.

" The Memoirs " of Baroja have run to a dozen small volumes since 1913, when Aviraneta first appeared in " The Conspirator's Apprentice." Though not all of equal interest, they have certain advantages, certain characteristics which distinguish them definitely from ordinary historical novels. To begin with, they are written with no romantic intentions or decorative stage properties. For Valle-Inclán and certain French writers the interest and romance of the period have lain with Don Carlos. Baroja has no illusions as to the real historical character of the Carlists. Aviraneta is always working against them and for the Liberals—about whom Baroja has no illusions either. Again, he writes with a refreshing sense of detachment. He can be fascinated by the actions and emotions of his characters, but his balance is never upset by them, least of all by their emotions. He is not interested in their " complexes," and is completely detached from their sexual life. His characters sometimes talk scandal about each other ; but the reader never feels, as he often does in the novels of Pérez de Ayala or Unamuno, that the one thing which really dominates the story is sex. For Baroja the world is (or was, at least) a world of idealists. Their ideals were often mistaken, their actions often wrong, and their wars always unnecessary ; they sometimes fell from their ideals in the ways in which human nature is prone to fall. Yet his theme is action in pursuit of an ideal, or, at its lowest, what men did with the enormous quantity of energy generated in them from day to day.

Aviraneta is the " Man of Action " who holds the memoirs together ; but he is generally moving

in the background, whilst other actions and other stories go on in the foreground. He only comes to the front of the stage at decisive moments. This time the scene is at Bayonne, where Aviraneta is busily but secretly working to stop the war, and bring about an agreement between Carlists and Liberals by means of a collection of forged documents which will discredit the only efficient Carlist general in the eyes of Don Carlos himself. The story, however, is concerned with the adventures of Alvarito and the niece of the rich rag-and-bone man; what happened to the waxwork figures, and the load of scrap-iron which was brought back from the fair at Pamplona, and which turned out to be, not scrap-iron at all, but church-plate looted or "saved" during the war. It provides the author with the opportunity for some of that characterization in which he excels.

The "Memoirs of a Man of Action" are a notable achievement in modern Spanish letters. They have been compared to the "National Episodes" of Pérez Galdós, in whose pages the figure of Aviraneta also appears; but the resemblance is little more than superficial. Galdós turned to history because he liked it; Baroja, because he was interested in the character of Aviraneta. The former went to books, the latter to the original documents. Galdós chose the most striking moments in the long muddle of nineteenth-century Spain; Baroja, only those which showed his hero in action. Galdós, again, gives the impression that the Spain of the Peninsular War was very different from what it is to-day; Baroja finds it much the same, particularly in remote country districts. Galdós (especially in the later "Episodes") is apt to get stuck in a quagmire of politics; Baroja always pulls the thing through, somehow, by the curiously persuasive naturalness

with which he endows his characters. For an English reader, the starting-point for both the " National Episodes " and the " Memoirs of a Man of Action " is to be found in the work of an English writer—the Spanish scenes of " The Dynasts."

Baroja's style and absence of technique are commonly abused. His style is the style of a man in slippers—a deliberate avoidance of rhetoric ; his technique is not at all haphazard, but is becoming as carefully studied as Conrad's. He writes as he talks to you, sitting comfortably in an arm-chair in the large upper room of his old Basque house in Navarre, where quantities of books and prints surround him in the dim light, and you are conscious of nothing so much as the twinkling eyes and the sense of humour which never quite come out on the printed page.

AZORÍN: THE RETURN OF DON JUAN

The admirable Spanish essayist who writes under the name of "Azorín" has filled a good many pages since 1898, when he and Baroja and Maeztu and Unamuno set out to discover new "countries of the mind" in a Spain which had just lost the last vestiges of a great colonial empire. The others have earned their international reputation, especially Baroja; but "Azorín" is not as well known as he deserves to be. Certainly, he is admired in England by every one who can read Spanish; but his beloved France has hardly done him justice, and owes him some sort of recognition for his generous and affectionate support of her through all the years of war and after.

The reason for neglect is, perhaps, that "Azorín" has a horror of pushing himself forward and making a noise. It has always been the still and the silent that have appealed to him. He must have been ill at ease in the Cortes, and have found the sittings tedious and distasteful; indeed, one of the only questions on which he could have voted with conviction would have been that of raising the railway fares, which his party steadily opposed. For an increase in railway fares would be a direct blow at "Azorín's" country of the mind: *Los Pueblos*, the small country towns of Castile. No writer has presented them as vividly or made them live as he has; yet no one realizes more clearly the problems they present or the remedies they so urgently need. "Azorín" is by no means a compiler of elegant

trifles. He has been a reader of Ford's "Handbook" and Borrow's "Bible." If he has made *los pueblos* a theme for art, he has always had a strong sense of their social necessities. He is, too, a serious critic of literature. If any one doubt of "Azorín" being a serious critic, with something to say—and no one would who had read his earlier "Valores Literarios," "Clásicos y Modernos," "Al Margén de los Clásicos," "Rivas y Larra"—they should read what he has to say in a recent volume of the rhymes and non-dramatic works of Lope de Vega.

Spanish readers have begun to find that "Azorín" repeats himself. "He goes on like a cricket," they say. English readers, however, will find much to attract them in his writings. In every new volume they will meet with the same gentle manner, which some have mistaken for weakness; the old vein of sympathy, which is sometimes miscalled sentimentalism. As Sr. Ortega Gasset said in the "Espectador," his writings are like a closed room in which some one has left a bunch of violets. But one cannot always read or write out of doors. "Azorín" approaches people in some characteristic occupation—doing something which they like doing. In the essay on Don Francisco Giner ("Lecturas Españolas," Ed. Nelson), he presented that master and model of future generations on a walking tour in the Sierra Guadarrama, sitting on a rock and eating his lunch, as he appears in an old photograph. On other occasions he encounters his subjects in their studies and cells. He is not one of those who go into a writer's most private recesses, and, not finding him there, make a mere catalogue of his belongings. "Azorín" always finds people at home. He discovers the intimate spirit of a man, and conveys it to you with surprising fidelity;

indeed, there can be few who have not understood a Spanish writer the better after reading what "Azorín" has to say about him.

A recent collection of essays was called "Los Dos Luises"—Fray Luis de Granada and Fray Luis de León. When he writes about Luis de León, "Azorín" says nothing about the Inquisition, but he will make people read the poems more carefully than they have done hitherto; and though he admits that a modern reader may get stuck in the "Nombres del Cristo," he recommends every one, not only the devout, to read the "Perfecta Casada"—for the same reasons that we should recommend a Spaniard to read Donne or Jeremy Taylor.

"Azorín" has always regarded the *novela* rather as a collection of essays related to the main theme than as a continuous story. His earlier attempts were more or less autobiographical. In "The Confessions of a Minor Philosopher," "Antonio Azorín" and "La Voluntad," "Azorín" was himself one of the persons of the story. In fact, Don José Martínez Ruiz—the name is not really a secret—has turned into one of the characters of his own books. In "Don Juan" the attempt to get the effect of a novel by a string of essays has succeeded. The scene is, of course, one of *los pueblos* in Old Castile. The characters are presented at first singly, then by twos and threes; they react upon one another, and are not the same at the end of the book as they were at the beginning. Technically, too, "Don Juan" shows advance. The descriptive passages are shorter. The characters live and move and think independently of the author; the reader can see their thoughts as they are formed, and can watch the antics of the rest through any character he chooses. His best means of observation, of course, are the eyes of Don Juan.

The name of Don Juan does not mean to a Spaniard quite the same as it means to us. Don Juan, in Spain, is a romantic, mystical figure; far removed from Byron's "Don Juan," Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Shadwell's "Libertine," or MacHeath of the "Beggar's Opera," which have no romantic or mystical significance at all, and are subjects for comedy. It was in Spain, however, that the character first took dramatic form—in the "Burlador de Sevilla," a play generally attributed to Tirso de Molina and first printed in 1630. Whether the character of Don Juan be really of Spanish origin (as all Spaniards believe), or whether he really came from Naples or some part of Italy (as was suggested by Professor Farinelli), it is clearly the result of the convergence, the "syncretism" of various legends which are found in popular ballads and folk-tales in Spain and other countries—the irrepressible libertine on the one side and the unrepentant atheist on the other. The "stone guest," the statue which nods acceptance of the invitation to supper and then appears in Don Juan's house in person, is derived from yet a third group of legends which have gone towards the making of the story. In the seventeenth century the story of Don Juan was a tragedy. In the eighteenth century it had become a comedy; and one for comedians of the lowest kind—strolling players, mountebanks, and performers of *commedia dell' arte*. It is usually regarded as one more proof of the greatness of Mozart's genius that he could make *even* the legend of Don Giovanni into a great comic opera. The situation completely changed in the nineteenth century, when Don Juan was made to repent. The unrepentant atheist became the good Catholic, who repents properly before it is too late, and will probably be saved in preference to the man who has

passed his whole life in prayer, fasting, and good works, yet doubts at the last—as happens in another play by the author of the "Burlador," "El Condenado por desconfiado." The Don Juan who repents is the hero of the romantic drama by Zorrilla, still performed by every theatre in Spain on All Souls' Day and the days which follow; and to such an extent has it struck the popular imagination that Mozart's opera has never been a success, while a work like the "Beggar's Opera" could not possibly be performed before a Spanish public. Don Juan, then, is Everyman—a great sinner, indeed, but one who repents before it is too late. He is not a libertine because of physical appetite. He is, rather, an idealist, always in search of his ideal—always hoping to find it in every woman he meets, and always disappointed, unless it be in the other world.

The Don Juan of "Azorín" is a very different person from the Don Juan of popular tradition. He is always unobtrusive, always kind and good-natured. He never alludes to himself; he knows how to listen. To those who question him he replies by asking about what interests them. He does not make a parade of charity; but the needy never go empty away. He lives simply, in two rooms, in the house of the old lady who keeps the "antique" shop. The book is full of delightful, simple, kindly people, who are far more really and truly Spanish than the romantically wicked "dons" and fantastic "Carmens" who have so often passed as the normal Spaniards of fiction. There is the Colonel of the Civil Guard, for instance (commanding the armed forces in the province), whom we meet in a café talking with a friend about the "principle of authority," and leave with a small boy sitting at his side eating sandwiches—a juvenile

offender who has arrived with other prisoners, under escort, from Barcelona. Then there is the blind bishop, who tells how once, in Paris, he saw the "Enemy."

"'What do you remember best in Paris, *Señor Obispo*?' Angela asked.

"'What do I remember best in Paris?' repeated the bishop.

"They had all heard the bishop tell the story before, but they liked to hear him tell it again. . . . There was a moment's silence. By the door, one of the chaplains bent to the ear of the other and said a few words, smiling as he did so.

"'In Paris,' the bishop began at last, 'I saw . . . I saw the ENEMY.'

"'The Enemy, *Señor Obispo*?' said Angela, pretending to be terrified.

"'Did you really see the Enemy, in Paris?' echoed Jeannette, pretending to be terrified too.

"'Yes,' the bishop declared, 'I saw the Enemy. It was one afternoon. I was walking with several others. What do you call that square near a big square with a statue? I don't remember now. . . . Suddenly, one of my companions pointed to a fat little man, clean-shaven, like a priest . . .'

"'And who was that man, *Señor Obispo*?' Angela inquired.

"'It was the Enemy,' the bishop exclaimed in a hollow voice. 'The Enemy; terrible, terrible, terrible!'

"'But a fat little man, and one who looked like a priest—was *he* the Enemy?' asked Jeannette.

"'Yes, Juanita,' said the bishop. 'Yes, Angela; yes, Don Gonzalo. It was the Enemy; terrible, terrible, terrible!'"

Then there is Sor Natividad, the Abbess, the sister of Doña Angela.

" They all went next day to the convent. In the courtyard . . . among the flowers and shrubs stood Sor Natividad. In one hand she held a basket, in the other a pair of scissors. The stone-work round the arches and on the capitals of the columns was like fine, transparent lace. Sor Natividad was slowly cutting flowers. She had shown no surprise when the visitors came in, but a faint smile came over her face. From time to time she bent down, or turned to reach a flower ; beneath the white serge could be seen the lines of her hips and the harmonious curves of her figure. As she moved forward, the loose tunic caught in the foliage and her ankles were exposed to view. A fine white silk stocking could be seen, and, beginning at the ankle, a curve which gradually widened, rounded and shapely. Did Sor Natividad notice it ? A moment passed. Then with a tranquil movement of her hand, she smoothed her tunic.

" ' Look ! ' said Don Gonzalo, pointing with his stick to the tracery of the arches. ' Look, what lovely tracery ! '

" Don Juan and Sor Natividad looked up. With her face to the sky and her bright eyes, Sor Natividad seemed to have the affectionate, smiling pose of some one waiting, asking, to be kissed.

" ' Lovely ! ' Don Juan answered, as he contemplated the delicate tracery of the stone-work. And then, slowly lowering his gaze until it rested on the eyes of Sor Natividad, he added : ' Lovely indeed.'

" Two roses, red as any in the garden, came into Sor Natividad's cheeks. She coughed nervously, and bent over a rose bush."

And there is the village girl, Virginia.

" When it was a holiday, Virginia put on a red woollen skirt, a green bodice, and a yellow handkerchief. Round her neck she fastened a string of clumsy, imitation pearls. Drum and fife sounded ; in the village square a ring was formed. Virginia was the best dancer of them all. . . .

" When Virginia went into the town people smiled. They smiled kindly. They smiled at the grace, at the ingenuousness of Virginia. Why did she wear that showy necklace ? Everybody smiled at those clumsy, imitation pearls.

" One day Virginia came to the house of the Maestre. In the dull room the girl stood in her bright colours before Angela and Jeannette. . . . Suddenly Jeannette exclaimed :

" ' I want to try on Virginia's necklace ! '

" She unfastened it quickly from Virginia's neck. She held it in the palm of her hand. And then, at sight of those fine pearls—marvellous, real pearls—an expression of profound surprise came into her face. She held out the necklace to Angela. The same look of astonishment appeared in her face too. The three women stood for a moment in silence, absorbed. . . . "

These rough versions do not do justice to " Azorín's " peculiar beauty of style. But " Don Juan," the second coming of Don Juan, is a book in which thought and expression are so exquisitely balanced that they fly apart when thrown into another language, nor is the authorized English version much more successful in conveying the peculiar charm of the original. " Azorín " is inclined to repeat himself, as we have already said, and inclined to miss the point ; but it is all exquisitely done.

The election of " Azorín " to the Spanish Academy is proof that the august assembly, which is held to represent official Spain and the " tradition " in Spanish literature, has at last recognized the ideals of that teacher of teachers, " Don Francisco " ; for, in his own way, " Azorín " has upheld those ideals in criticism as Antonio Machado has in poetry, Menéndez Pidal in philology, and (above all) Cossío in the history of art. The new *académico* has conceded nothing to his new surroundings. His discourse was a sequence of short essays on aspects of life and letters in Spain at its greatest moment, but also at its most tragical moment—between 1560 and 1590. He has never written a better book or one more like himself. He has always been interested in the feeling for nature as exhibited in Spanish literature, and the connection between literature and landscape. One of his earlier books, " El Paisaje de España visto por los Españoles," is entirely devoted to the landscape of Spain as seen by the Spaniards themselves ; and it is a book which no one should miss who is thinking of going to Spain. In his fantasy on Cervantes' exemplary novel, " El Licenciado Vidriera," he says : " How can we appreciate the landscape of Castile, if we do not appreciate Luis de León, Cervantes, Lope and Garcilaso ? And together with the landscape, we must feel the long chain of our ancestors who lived on the same soil, suffered the same sorrows as we do, and who, by their sensations, have brought it to pass that this sensibility has been gradually formed in us which is ours to-day."

True to his generation, which is the Spanish generation of 1898, " Azorín " has never ceased to show that the heritage of his people lies in Spain and in Spanish literature. " He writes for men

with bourgeois minds," say some. It will be no bad thing if some of these minds, in other countries besides Spain, can acquire something of his rather shy distinction of manner and his limpidity of thought.

PÉREZ DE AYALA: DAPHNIS AND CHLOE, AND THE JESUITS

LIFE in the British Isles has struck a Spanish humourist as being like that of passengers in a ship. It depends on coal, for one thing, without which the ship would stop, and upon every passenger holding a ticket showing his class, without which he would not be carried. The English view of Spain also is that of a passenger, one sitting on deck and looking at the coast through a prismatic glass. It is only in the distance that the whole of it seems to be visible; as the ship approaches there is always another headland round which we cannot see, or a bay which ought to be explored. In modern times, largely owing to the influence of "Carmen," Spain has been approached from one corner, the south-west; and the idea of Spain still possessed by many people might be compared with that of a Spaniard who knew Great Britain only through the novels of Walter Scott. But if the opera has been the cause of most of our misunderstanding of Spain, it can also be made to reveal something of what Spain really means. Hear an Andaluz discussing Mérimée's story, or a pianist like De Falla playing Bizet's music on the piano, and you realize that what you had taken for essentially Spanish qualities are merely superficial ornaments; it is something much deeper that moves a Spaniard, and it enables him to convince you because it is, to him, very much the real thing. De Falla's music is most Spanish when it is most serious. Lofty sincerity, combined

with an individual treatment of form, or what appears at first to be a puzzling disregard of it, is a characteristic of all good Spanish art and letters.

Some recent Spanish novels, like those of José Más : " La Bruja," " La Orgía," " La Estrella de la Giralda," are only Spanish on the surface. They are, like the " Cuadro Flamenco " imported by the Russian Ballet, a product of that affectation of gipsy manners—*flamenco* is practically equivalent to " Bohemian "—which gives modern Seville its peculiar character. There is no affectation of *flamenco*, however, in the novels of Don Ramón Pérez de Ayala. The background is that of a life which is harder and more tragical than it is with us, more cruel and uncertain as a result of the invasions and civil wars of the nineteenth century, the oppression of the Church and the profiteering of *caciques*, yet more human and more balanced through exclusion from the most disastrous of all wars. The emotions of men are more primitive, perhaps, than they are here, and their reactions more violent, while the women (especially the women of Sr. Pérez de Ayala's novels) are more retiring and restrained, and kept very much at home ; but, unlike us, Spanish men and women have not yet lost their composure, and one seems sometimes to see in them an earlier and more contented stage of our own social development.

The central provinces of Spain are the centre of interest for the novelist, the part of the country which matters most is Castile. Sr. Pérez de Ayala is a native of the Asturias ; but this is only to say that he is intensely Castilian, *plus royaliste que le Roi*. Like Marco in the story of " Prometeo " : " He travelled over the greater part of Spain in search of the living tradition, with the following result : that in the South, grace and subtlety lacked strength ;

in the East, strength and subtlety lacked grace ; and in the North, strength and grace lacked subtlety. And finally he wound up in an ancient city, dead from time immemorial . . . which . . . though it abounded in self-propelling figures that resembled men, held only phantoms." Some of these phantoms have been set in motion by the novelist. They do not move more violently, or with more sense of direction, than they would "under their own steam"; but their movements are co-ordinated to express the writer's attitude to the Spanish novel and Spanish life. They and their reactions are, as it were, set to music. That music was never easy to compose, and at first was halting and inconclusive in expression. "Tinieblas en las Cumbres" (Darkness on the Heights) has been compared to "La Maison Tellier" of Guy de Maupassant. "A.M.D.G." (i.e. *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*), like "The Bonfire" of Anthony Brendon, is interesting as a document, but bad as a novel. With "The Bonfire," and "Die Verwirrungen des Zöglings," it is an exposure of Jesuit education; but as the activities of the Jesuit Fathers in Spain are believed to embrace such unexpected forms as banking and fishmongery, they would provide material for other interesting books, even if written in praise of the efficiency of their methods.

"La Pata de la Raposa" (The Vixen's Paw) has more sense of cohesion than the earlier novels, and more discrimination in the way in which the characters are presented, though its chief interest now is to be read in the light of the books which have been published since. Once more it is the author's treatment of the women characters which seems most open to criticism. To us, it would appear more natural to leave Alberto alone for a time (in England, for choice, with that very human creature Bob, and his Greek wife), and concentrate upon the

lives of the two sisters: Leonor, whose husband absconds after the failure of a bank, and Fina, waiting for Alberto, who has broken with her through an over-nice feeling of his own unfitness and only returns after her early death. It is characteristic of Pérez de Ayala to end with the abuse which the old nurse, in her uncouth dialect, heaped upon the young man; and like him, too, to explain the meaning of the more pungent words in a footnote.

"Troteras y Danzaderas" is a novel behind the scenes, and makes interesting comparison with "The Vanity Girl." On the whole, Sr. Pérez de Ayala makes that aspect of life more entertaining than Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Rosina is a person who convinces us by her naturalness; she is not a mere projection of her dressing-room and her silk stockings. And Veronica becomes vividly real from the remarks she makes when Alberto (who appears here also) reads parts of "Othello" to her.

With the "three poematic novels"—the poems between the chapters serve the same purpose as good incidental music between the acts of a play—Pérez de Ayala succeeded in finding the right mode of expression. "Prometeo" (Prometheus) is something of a masterpiece. It is cast in a form which many have attempted; but now, as far as Spanish letters are concerned, it has been done once and for all. "Luz de Domingo" (Sunday Sunlight) hardly recovers from the violence of the tragedy, once it has been consummated. The writer himself seems to be appalled by it; and the fruitless attempts of Balbina and her husband to escape to some place where no one has ever heard of them seem only a faint echo of the climax. "La Caída de los Limones" (The Fall of the House of Limón), on the other hand, is a finished piece of work, in which the proportions are exactly right. The

method foreshadows that adopted in a later novel, " Belarmino y Apolonio." The arrival of a new boarder at a *pension* in Madrid, a remark dropped in the course of conversation, a stray acquaintance made in a café frequented by pretty ladies, set the author to work at piecing the story together, and then enabled him to intervene in it helpfully himself. There is no lack of character-drawing in " Belarmino," at any rate among the men ; Belarmino Pinto, shoemaker and philosopher, with Xuantipa, his wife, and Angustias, his daughter ; Apolonio Caramanzana (" Applecheek "), shoemaker and dramatist, with Father Caramanzana, his son ; the Duchess, the old maid, and the poor student—all occupy the stage in turn, and hold it completely as long as they are " on." Sr. Pérez de Ayala has become more human, more European, since his visit to the United States. His outlook is less harsh, and his attitude more sympathetic, while his power of vivid presentation has increased and developed. " Prometeo " and " Belarmino," together with " La Regenta " of Leopoldo Alas (with whom, mentally and geographically, Pérez de Ayala has much in common), are in the first rank of modern Spanish novels.

The translation of " Prometeo " by two American ladies, Miss Alice P. Hubbard and Miss Grace Hazard Conkling, came as a pleasant surprise. Valera, Galdós, Palacio Valdés, and the inexhaustible Blasco Ibáñez have all been translated so badly (and all in America) that it is indeed a pleasure to meet with an English version of a Spanish work which has been made with a sense of style. (Another is the translation of Valle-Inclán's great character-study, " The Pleasant Memoirs of the Marquis of Bradomín.")

Pérez de Ayala, in two subsequent volumes, " Luna de Miel, Luna de Hiel " (Honey-moon,

moon of bitterness), and " Los trabajos de Urbano y Simona " (The Labours of Urbano and Simona), has developed the story of a Daphnis and a Chloe in Northern Spain, not very many years ago. The descendants of Daphnis and Chloe have not been numerous, even in collateral branches of the family ; but they have all been beautiful and all distinguished, as befits a family connected (even remotely) with " Diana Enamorada," Tasso's " Aminta," and " Paul et Virginie." Montemayor, who wrote the first " Diana " in Spanish, was by birth a Portuguese ; it is curious to compare his treatment of the subject, which is pastoral and lyrical, with that of an undoubted and representative Spaniard like Pérez de Ayala ; for the Spaniard is quite clear that the point of the story lies in the complete innocence of both Daphnis and Chloe. Pérez de Ayala never wastes words, though in this work, as in " Belarmino," there is a personage (Don Cástulo, the tutor) who always delivers himself with an astonishing flow of verbosity. Therein lies part of the irony of the book, for it is all wasted on these dour Asturians, whose words, though significant, are always few.

We have travelled a long way from the *Bell' età del oro*. This Daphnis is a law student, who has been educated entirely at home from bowdlerized text-books. Chloe has been removed prematurely from her convent so that she may marry Daphnis at once ; while her mother, apparently, runs away with the family chaplain and is never seen again. The family of Daphnis (or, as he is called here, Urbano) is of no account socially ; Chloe, or Simona, comes of a long line of thriftless ancestors. Not many days after the wedding Urbano's father is declared bankrupt and endeavours to cut his throat with a German razor ; his mother, " more like a cosmic force than a woman," suspecting

that the marriage has not been consummated, comes and carries her son away, leaving poor Simona in the ancestral mansion with her great-aunt, Doña Rosita. The property is heavily mortgaged, and the bailiff's men come to take possession. Doña Rosita is killed by the shock—dies, indeed, as she is dressing Simona in the lace and jewels which she had worn years before at her own wedding. The first volume ends with Simona loaded with jewelry, like a Madonna in a cathedral, while her maid is pouring abuse on the bailiff's men battering on the door below. The second volume relates the gradual enlightenment of Urbano and his efforts to regain Simona. Possession is accomplished in the traditional way, by means of a ladder; but the ladder has to be used a second time to carry off Simona from the penitentiary to which, though a legally married woman, she had been removed.

Certain scenes and characters stand out in the memory when the book is finished. The after-dinner conversations between Don Cástulo and the delightful old lady, Doña Rosita, are in the author's happiest manner; and there is a scene of great dramatic power at Doña Rosita's death. This, the climax of the story, comes at the end of the first volume; and the second, though full of interest, never quite reaches that level again.

Pérez de Ayala is among the foremost living writers of Spain. It is curious, however, that he should be still comparatively little known outside his own country; while Blasco Ibáñez, who by no means represents the Spanish genius, has been translated into several languages and might accurately be described as one of "the world's best sellers." He tells a strong, straight story, of course; he is easily adapted to the films, and any one having a moderate acquaintance with Spanish could stand up and dictate him straight away to a typist in

English. It makes one wonder, however, once again, how far the fact of a book's being translated is a test of its real worth. It will, at least, be admitted that we ourselves never think more of an English book from the knowledge that it has, or has not, been translated into other languages. Translation seems to fall both on the just and on the unjust, and it makes no difference to our enjoyment to reflect that " Tess " has been put into various languages, while " The Egoist " has not—indeed Unamuno is probably the only Spaniard who has ever read it. Publishers would no doubt reply that some foreign authors have their public while others have not. Well, Blasco Ibáñez has one with a vengeance, and Baroja, it appears, has not ; yet Baroja is a writer who has really something to say, while Blasco Ibáñez often seems to be merely " acting with words " and playing to the gallery.

Unamuno, in one of his less pugnacious and intransigeant moments, once remarked to me that when he was told that a book was " too English " for him, then he read it at once. He never said a wiser thing. We cannot judge a foreign literature by its cosmopolitanism ; nor can we be certain of it from translations. The book with the cosmopolitan appeal should be easy to translate ; it is the books which are " too English " or " too Spanish " which are difficult to convey to a foreign reader. Of this Azorín and Baroja are examples. In the former, thought and expression are so exquisitely balanced that they fly apart when thrown into another language ; in the latter, the careful under-emphasis of word and action makes a translation bald and arid to the last degree, unless it is managed with discretion and skill. Both Azorín and Baroja are waiting for a good translator ; and more especially Baroja, who, as a novelist, might be expected to have a wider public than

Azorín, whose few *novelas* are really sets of essays, and whose importance depends on his critical work and his imaginative interpretation of Spain and Spanish things. Azorín's "Don Juan," though it has been done into English and not done badly, will give those who cannot read Spanish very little idea of the original. Baroja had found a far-sighted American publisher who has realized his good points, though here again the translators have not caught the spirit of his work as they might have done. Palacio Valdés, though happily still alive, has long ago retired from the regular writing of novels; and his books come to one nowadays with the old-world feeling of a box of fans and veils, and a silk petticoat or two "which once belonged to Queen Isabel II." Valle-Inclán, by all accounts, has given up novels for plays which no theatre has had the courage to perform; but his four "Sonatas" are now available in English under the name of "The Pleasant Memoirs of the Marquis of Bradomín" (Constable). Among other living novelists, Gómez de la Serna is the purveyor of a rather forced humour which has tickled the fancy of what might be called the "Bloomsbury" of Paris. Hernández Catá has never equalled his early stories in the volume called "Los Frutos ácidos," while Pérez Lugín, author of "La Casa de la Troya" and "Currito de la Cruz," is indubitably a "best seller" in Spain.

Pérez de Ayala has made courageous attempts on subjects in which most writers would have come hopelessly to grief; but courage and a capacity for seeing his stories through are qualities which the readers of Pérez de Ayala have learned to expect from him. As a novelist, he remains (like Unamuno) a writer of great promise; but (except for "Belarmino y Apolonio") the promise has always fallen just short of fulfilment.

INTERLUDE

SPANISH GARDENS

The debt of Spain to Muhammadan culture has often been exaggerated. It is a commonplace among writers—especially non-Spanish writers—to dismiss anything they do not understand as "Moorish," and leave it at that. Yet the debt is a very real one. The Arabs of the earlier invasions had little culture of their own, and the Berbers still less; in fact, it was the Berbers rather than the Christians who eventually destroyed Arabic civilization in the Peninsula. The Arabs could tolerate any opinions except those of a Muslim sect to which they did not themselves belong. The ideas they brought to Spain were mainly Greek and Persian. Yet for that alone they deserved well of Spain; and, once in the country, they soon developed a culture which really deserved the name, since it was the culture of men who cultivated not only their minds but also their gardens. There had been agriculture under the Visigoths, but order and method came with the Arabs, as the words in modern Spanish derived from Arabic clearly show. A list of them, indeed, would be an index to things which Spanish life owes to the Muslims. It would include musical instruments like the lute, names of flowers and fruit trees, and, above all, arrangements for watering the garden; for the Spanish Muslims took especial delight in their gardens, though, like other Muslims, they regarded them in a way that was

rather different from ours. The garden, when it was not merely utilitarian, was for the owner alone ; it was intended for private contemplation rather than public exhibition, for sitting still rather than for walking. The late Sir Frank Crisp, in his " Mediaeval Gardens," quotes a description of a garden in Persia, and how it was used for " sitting out," as seen by a traveller (the Chevalier Chardin) in 1686. Mr. Guy le Strange, also, has something to say about gardens in his " Baghdad during the Abbasid Caliphate " ; while Professor E. G. Browne could certainly have added to our knowledge, both from contemporary accounts and illustrations. In Spain there are fewer records than in Persia, and no illustrations ; yet it was in Spain that the art of gardening among Muslims reached its highest development.

A splendid book on Spanish gardens was published not long ago by Mr. and Mrs. Byne under the name of " Spanish Gardens and Patios." It has the merits of clearness and brevity, and it is eminently practical. It describes and illustrates those Spanish gardens which are Arabic in conception rather than European ; it suggests how they may be kept up, and how they may be started in countries like the South-Western States of America, where the climate is not very different from that of Southern Spain, and where it costs less to heat the house than to water the garden. " The Moors who made gardens in Spain were no artless children of nature." Their tradition had become one of order and science. Take care of the water (might have been their motto), and the garden will almost take care of itself. Again, the garden was not merely an enclosed piece of cultivated ground ; it was something designed and made by man, in which nature was permitted to play a subordinate if

essential part. Man's chief contribution, after the design, lay in glazed, coloured tiles ; tiles and green scented shrubs backed by white walls, rather than flowers, gave the garden its note of colour, and it is the use of coloured tiles which has made Spanish gardens unlike any others in Europe. This refers chiefly to Southern Spain, for in the north the gardens follow the general Italian, French, or English traditions, as at Aranjuez, La Granja, the Escurial, and in the gardens of Barcelona and Valencia. Southern Spain possesses a firmly established Oriental tradition in its industrial arts. Domestic architecture and gardening, as practised by the Muslim Spaniards, were eminently suited to the Southern Spanish climate, and after the final victory of Ferdinand and Isabella these underwent no great change.

The genuine surviving Moorish gardens in Spain are few. There are the Royal gardens of the Alcázar at Seville, the unforgettable Generalife, " the garden of the architect " at Granada, with several simpler and (it must be confessed) rather dilapidated spots like the patios of the orange trees at Seville and Córdoba, once the gardens of mosques, where the rows of orange trees in the garden seemed only the continuation of the rows of columns in the building. Moorish workmen, again, were responsible for one or two existing private gardens. Those at Córdoba are particularly interesting and worth seeing, and even hurried travellers should stay for some days and visit the patios of the Hospicio, the Museo Provincial, and others in the town, with the Monastery of San Jerónimo, Las Ermitas and the Quinta de Arrizafa, which lie some three miles out on the slopes of the Sierra.

The theory and practice of Spanish gardening in ancient times may be deduced from the writings of

certain Spanish Moors, whose works have been translated, in part at any rate, into European languages, such as Ibn al-'Awwám (or Abú Zakariyyá), author of "The Book of Agriculture" (which included chapters on ornamental shrubs and plants for the garden), and another Moorish authority on gardening whose name was Ibn Sa'íd al-Maghribí. From these authorities and from actual experience (for a strong revival of interest in Moorish gardens is now taking place) it appears that the methods of Spanish gardening are in many ways the opposite of our own. They depend on the fact that there can be no prodigal display of water, that efforts are directed not to catching the sun's rays but to avoiding them, and to the fact that it is impossible to grow grass. The garden on the level is thought out as a series of outdoor rooms, separated by white walls with occasional windows in them provided with iron *rejas*, or grilles, and open to the sky. These "rooms" are subdivided by lower walls of hedge. There are no large pools and few long alleys; the paths are paved with pebbles, coloured earth, or glazed tiles; coloured tiles are used as borders to the flower-beds and to the circular openings round trees. Behind the pleasure garden, the object of which is shade, stretches the shadeless *huerta*, or kitchen-garden. The hillside gardens are planned as a succession of retired courts and open terraces; they naturally give great opportunities for the use and distribution of water and for flights of steps rich with coloured tiles. Above all, the indispensable part of the design of every Spanish garden is water—"water seen and heard." A very little, of course, has to be made to look like a great deal; it runs in little conduits from tree to tree and from shrub to shrub, and once (in the Generalife) it is made to run down the tiled banisters

to a staircase while small fountains play on every landing. Fountains and basins have a special form. The water does not run out of the basin, but glides over the rim, sparkling in the sun and increasing the lustre of the tiles as it does so, while the tiled paths are sprayed from little jets, not only to freshen and cool them, but also to make them reflect and sparkle like a flowing stream. The gardens of Southern Spain do indeed "model the landscape in the mould of the spirit."

MODERN POETS

CAMPOAMOR, A SPANISH VICTORIAN

CAMPOAMOR is one of those Spanish writers " whom no one reads nowadays." He is still read by Spanish women, however. A little rummaging among the books of a Spanish household will always turn up a Zorrilla and a Campoamor. Zorrilla's " Don Juan Tenorio " is one of those poetic dramas from which every Spaniard can quote ; and it deserves to be quoted. The rest of Zorrilla is only read by romantic youth and traditionalist old age. One summer not long ago, there was an old gentleman in an inn at Avila who, after he had had his lunch and his siesta, used to read Zorrilla aloud in the garden. Under the shadow of those walls, poems like " Margarita la Tornera " became an unforgettable experience ; but one hearer felt, even then, that he would never have had the patience to read them all through for himself. Between Zorrilla and Campoamor there is, of course, no comparison. Zorrilla has volume, sweep, music, imagination, romance ; and his admirers could easily produce a dozen instances of true poetry under all the clatter and posturing, shouting and passion, tears and deaths. But Zorrilla never wrote without putting his singing-robe on ; he is like that Mr. Robinson who had to put on a frock-coat before sitting down to write to *The Times*.

It is a relief to turn to a man like Campoamor, who receives you in his ordinary clothes, tells you ordinary things, and takes you to see rather ordinary people. It is all very ordinary ; and yet, somehow,

it has its interest. The fact that he has been reprinted with notes, as a Castilian classic, gives his modern reader certain advantages. Campoamor is no longer a contemporary who is out of fashion. His fashions in themselves are interesting ; indeed, one definition of a recent " classic " might be that producers have to " dress " him, and think of his characters in the clothes of their epoch, as they do nowadays with Ibsen. Regarded in this way, the poems of Campoamor have a curious fragrance. They are like an old family portmanteau which holds one or two exquisite fans, some precious mantillas and coloured silk shawls, of the mythical María Castaña, together with faded daguerreotypes of ladies in crinolines and ringlets and men in top-hats and light trousers.

Campoamor's poetry is the poetry of the people who wore these things and treasured them ; it is, as his latest editor says, the lyrical interpretation of the society in which he lived. Let us take it at that, and see what it looks like in plain English :—

" ' Now, Lucy, my dear,' said her grandmother, ' I know very well that those whims and fancies of yours have got the better of you, and that the other day you wrote a letter which began : " You are the mirror of my eyes." And though my old-fashioned ideas may spoil your illusions, take my advice and see that against mirrors like those no hearts are broken. . . . But you are not listening, deceitful child ! She is so young, you see,' she added (turning to the poet).

" The girl explained. ' She is so old, you see ! ' she said at last.

" ' No, Lucy,' said her grandmother, ' I cannot understand your affection.'

" ' Nor I your disillusion, grandmama.'

" ' That is because . . .'
" ' But afterwards there will be . . .'

They both said what was in their minds; but neither was able to convince the other. Then they appealed to the visitor:—

" ' ¡ Pero, señor, *si es tan niña !* '
" ' ¡ Pero, señor, *si es tan vieja !* ' "

The question is not whether this is great poetry or what sort of poetry it is. The point is that this is how a Spanish poet saw things and expressed them in the 'forties (the " Doloras " were first published in 1846), and how a large number of excellent and friendly people still like to read of them. Take another poem, " Propósitos vanos," in the same collection; and, remembering how Browning treated the matter in " The Confessional " (for that is the subject), read the following :—

" ' Padre ' (the penitent began), ' I have sinned, but forgive me; for at my age, and when you are fond of some one, all good resolutions go to the winds.'
" ' A resolution, it seems, is always light as air at your age. But what sin is it, my child ? '
" ' Oh, it 's the *same* sin as the other day. But, though it 's the *same*, please be lenient with me ! For yesterday, in his sermon, Father Modesto said . . . And when the bell rang, instead of running to church, I ran into the garden with Juan.'
" ' Running after your own perdition ! '
" ' *Si, señor* ; but . . .' "

It should be read in the original, italics and all. There is the breathless, chattering girl, in her black veil and high-heeled shoes, twisting the words of a sermon as an excuse for staying in the garden and

not coming to church ; the sleepy priest, behind the grating of his little box, talking about God and the Serpent ; and the poet, Don Ramón, hiding behind a pillar and listening to what is going on. " The Letter " (*¡ Quién supiera escribir !*) is well known and is in the " Oxford Book of Spanish Verse." " Los relojes del rey Carlos " is a description of old Charles V. in the monastery at Yuste surrounded by dozens of clocks and watches, and trying to make them keep time. " Una cita en el cielo " is an appointment in heaven which could not be kept because the poet was in London ; it was raining, and the star was not visible. Campoamor was seldom at a loss for a subject, and the " Doloras " is a very interesting and characteristic book of verse.

There is no particular legend of the life of Campoamor. He wanted to be a Jesuit, but the entrance examination brought so great a disillusion that he never recovered from it. He tried to be a doctor, but his explanation of the causes of sneezing was so original that one of the examiners advised him to go in for literature. Like Sancho Panza, he was made the governor of an " island," the town of Castellón de la Plana ; but as soon as it was discovered that he was trying to make education compulsory he was " promoted." The poet had a peculiar dislike of the military authority. It is related that, in a confidential report to his Chief, he stated that there was no fear of public order being disturbed, as there was not a single soldier in the province. He was devoted to his Irish wife ; he would even go to church rather than quarrel with her. " The Señora is the only Christian thing about him," said his enemies.

He attempted long poems, but he was most successful in short ones. Many of them are little

dramas ; in fact, both Benavente and the brothers Quintero have borrowed situations and even plots from him. The sublime (he was fond of saying) is always short ; and in his last poems, the epigrammatic " Humoradas," he condensed what he had to say into three or four lines, which were made as plain and unadorned as possible so that they might be more easy to remember. They are lapidary, but they are not ornamental ; and in Spain they were not very new after all, for the same thing had been done, and often done better, by Castilian poets ever since there has been a Castilian language.

What sort of a person was Campoamor ? There must still be some people living who remember an old gentleman with a contented smile and white whiskers who, thirty years ago, was to be seen every day in the gardens of Buen Retiro, the friend of all small children and especially of little girls. He looked more like a successful stockbroker than a poet. He hated travelling, he had no feeling for nature, and he couldn't stand people who talked about patriotism or war. He was fond of the society of ladies, and imagined—as did many of his readers—that the human heart held no secrets for him. Women adored the sentimental old cynic. He was so wise ! He had said openly that Paradise was not complete without the Serpent ! Men thought differently. Campoamor might be that old serpent himself ; the worst of it was that he imagined he was a philosopher, which he was not. He was not much of a poet either. It was all very well to talk of the studied simplicity of his diction, for which some people preferred him to Espronceda and Zorrilla. The fact was that his simplicity had not been studied nearly enough ; he had no ear, and no technique. And others, who were rather tired of Espronceda and Zorrilla and all that they

stood for, found that Campoamor had no ideals; and certainly he quarrelled with the only men in Spain who had any—the groups represented by "Don Francisco" and Canalejas. Campoamor, then, is the expression of an epoch, but it is an epoch which many Spaniards would gladly forget.

Daba el reloj las doce . . . y eran doce
golpes de azada en tierra . . .

. . . ¡ Mi hora ! . . .—grité. El silencio
me respondió :—No temas ;
tú no verás caer la última gota
que en la clepsidra tiembla.

Dormirás muchas horas todavía
sobre la orilla vieja,
y encontrarás una mañana pura
amarrada tu barca a otra ribera.

The clock struck twelve !—It seemed as if twelve times
A spade struck in the earth.

My hour . . . ! I cried. But Silence
Made answer : Fear you nothing ;
You shall not see the fall of that last drop
That trembles yet within.

Yes ; you shall sleep through many an hour to come,
On that familiar bank,
Until one morning you will wake to find
Your boat made fast—fast to another shore.

I read these lines one morning towards the end of October, when a bitter Castilian wind—one of those winds " which will kill a man and will not put out a candle "—had suddenly arisen to remind me that Spain was not all warmth and sunshine. I put the Campoamor out of sight, and went on reading Antonio Machado. Here, at any rate, was

a man who was sincere, so sincere indeed that at times it seemed that his sincerity had reduced him to immobility, and that, like Luther, he could not do otherwise. There is a colossal directness about the man, something about his verse that is hard and uncompromising. *Caballero* (a man once said to Ortega), *en Castilla no hay curvas* : " Sir, in Castile there are no curves," and there are no curves in the poetry of Antonio Machado.

The poet is not a Castilian by birth ; he was born in Seville (in 1875), the son of a famous collector of popular poetry and " cantes flamencos," but he lived in Madrid from the time he was eight years old. He was educated at the *Institución Libre*, the school of " Don Francisco," and his devotion to the Master was enduring and profound. He travelled a little in France, though he seems never to have become a Parisian, as for a time his brother did. Then in 1907 he became professor of French at Soria, that fantastic and improbable hill town near the site of Numantia, on the borders of Castile and Aragon. Soria cold and clean, Soria the head and front of No-man's Land :

Soria pura,
cabeza de Extremadura,

as the old saying goes ! It would have been of no use trying to be Parisian there ; and for that matter, Antonio Machado, in spite of spending his life as a professor of French, seems to have as little of the French spirit as Unamuno, though once a professor of Greek, had of the Hellenic spirit. Soria, he said, was " a dead city of *señores*, soldiers, or hunters ; doorways with shields of *hidalgos*, with sixty-four quarterings ; and of starving mongrels, lean and sharp-nosed, which gather in the mean streets and howl at midnight to the cawing of crows " :

¡ Muerta ciudad de señores,
soldados o cazadores ;
de portales con escudos
de cien linajes hidalgos,
y de famélicos galgos,
de galgos flacos y agudos,
que pululan
por las sórdidas calles,
y a la media noche ululan,
cuando graznan las cornejas !

As a pupil of " Don Francisco," and one of the generation of 1898, Antonio Machado is a lover of Castile ; but for him, as for all the men of that generation, it is a serious and rather melancholy business—a land of infinite possibilities which have hardly ever been realized. " Five years in Soria (he says) turned my eyes and my heart towards the essence of Castile. . . . We are the victims—I said to myself—of a double delusion. If we regard things from without, and endeavour to get at the substance of them, our external world loses solidity and ends by vanishing from our sight ; we come to believe that it has no existence of its own, and is only there for our benefit. But if, convinced of its intimate reality, we look within, then everything appears to come from without, and it is our universe within — ourselves — that vanish away. What, then, is to be done ? Spin the thread which is given us, dream our own dreams, live ; only thus can we perform the miracle of creation. . . . Yet our eyes are gifted with reason, and reason analyses and dissolves. Soon we see that our theatre is in ruins ; and in the end it is only our own shadow which is thrown upon the screen."

The ballad (*romance*) seemed to him the supreme expression of Castilian poetry ; and he set to work to write something which should be a new

Romancero. Part of this took shape in the poems called "La tierra de Alvargonzález." He was far from pretending to revive the romance in its traditional form. The confection of new *romances viejos* —ballads of chivalry or border warfare against the Moors—was never to his taste, and all pretence of archaism seemed ridiculous. He learnt to read (he tells us) in the "Romancero general" compiled by his uncle, Augustín Durán; but his own ballads are not inspired by the heroic age, but by the people who made ballads about it, and the land where they were sung. The grim story of Alvargonzález, then, is concerned with men and women, the plains of Castile, and has a certain primitive, majestic force like the story of Cain and Abel.

These, and other poems, are the work of a man scrambling over the rocks and precipices near the source of the Douro. They give the sensation of a hard walker looking down on the bare uplands, meditating rather sadly on the landscape he sees spread out before him. How well he knows those long roads of Castile, which seem to go on for ever, without ever reaching their destination! There are the dark hills which form the horizon, the naked crags, with here and there a poor meadow where sheep and oxen are at pasture, and "the banks of the stream shining with their green willows in the clear summer sunlight; and, silently, in the far distance, men—how small they look!—waggons, riders, drivers, crossing a long bridge, while beneath the stone arches the shadow falls on the silver waters of the Douro."

las márgenes del río
lucir sus verdes álamos al claro sol de estío;
y, silenciosamente, lejanos pasajeros,
¡tan diminutos!—carros, jinetes y arrieros—

cruzar el largo puente, y bajo las arcadas
de piedra ensombrecerse las aguas plateadas
del Duero.

" It is a land of ups and downs (he says again), the roads sometimes hide the men who pass by on their donkeys. Then, on a background of reddening evening light, there stand out the small, plebeian figures, clear as a stain on the golden canvas of the sunset. But if you climb up to the ridge, and look out over the country from the peaks where eagles nest, there are sunflowers of crimson and steel, plains of lead, hillocks of silver, hemmed in by purple mountains with peaks of rosy snow " :

Es el campo ondulado, y los caminos,
ya ocultan los viajeros que cabalgan
en pardos borriquillos,
ya al fondo de la tarde arrebolada
elevan las plebeyas figurillas
que el lienzo de oro del ocaso manchan.
Mas si trepais a un cerro y veis el campo
desde los picos donde habita el águila,
son tornasoles de carmín y acero,
llanos plomizos, lomas plateadas,
circuídos por montes de violeta,
con las cumbres de nieve sonrosada.

Yet the poet knows these men too well to be sentimental about them. " These were the men who burnt the pine-woods (he says in a poem printed in the " Oxford Book of Spanish Verse "). Last year they dug up the black ilex-woods and cut down the sturdy little oaks. To-day sees their wretched sons flying from their homes ; while storms wash away the soil down the blessed rivers to the sea, and it 's all a curséd wilderness where man must work and suffer and sin."

Antonio Machado is sparing in his use of imagery ; he seldom tries to invent pictorial symbols to express

his thoughts. But he certainly sees nature in terms of poetry—poetry which is as austere as the landscape or the " empty galleries of the mind " which inspired it. His impressions are not merely local records. " The poplars, far off, by the roadside, seemed to smoke from their motionless branches, like a green mist. It was the new leaves."

> En los chopos lejanos del camino
> parecen humear las yertas ramas
> como un glauco vapor—las nuevas hojas—

He hears the " sonorous tears of old bells," and sees the " echo of light " which remains on the windows, when the tall houses of the country town have hidden the setting sun.

The " Galleries of the mind " have always fascinated him, and are the subject of many of his poems —" the secret galleries of the soul, the highways of dreams, and the calm evening where they die. There the silent Fates expect you, and one day they will lead you to a garden of eternal Spring."

> Tu sabes las secretas galerías
> del alma, los caminos de los sueños
> y la tarde tranquila
> donde van a morir . . . Allí te aguardan
> las hadas silenciosas de la vida,
> y hacia un jardín de eterna primavera
> te llevarán un día.

" And as touching memory (he remarks) all that is worth having is the supreme gift of remembering your dreams " :

> De toda la memoria, sólo vale
> el don preclaro de evocar los sueños.

Of late years, and especially in his " Nuevas

Canciones," Antonio Machado has expressed himself in the brief, epigrammatic " coplas " which Spanish poets know so well how to handle, and Spanish people to appreciate. There is one earlier poem, however, more characteristic of him than any of the others—the lines on the death of his master, " Don Francisco " :

Como se fué el Maestro,
la luz de esta mañana
me dijo : Van tres días
que mi hermano Francisco no trabaja.
¿ Murió ? Solo sabemos
que se nos fué por una senda clara,
diciéndonos : Hacedme
un duelo de labores y esperanzas.
Sed buenos y no más, sed lo que he sido
entre vosotros : alma.
Vivid, la vida sigue,
los muertos mueren y las sombras pasan ;
lleva quien deja y vive el que ha vivido.
¡ Yunques, sonad ; enmudeced, campanas !

Y hacia otra luz más pura
partió el hermano de la luz del alba,
del sol de los talleres,
el viejo alegre de la vida santa.
. . . Oh, sí, llevad, amigos,
su cuerpo a la montaña,
a los azules montes
del ancho Guadarrama.
Allí hay barrancos hondos
de pinos verdes donde el viento canta
Su corazón repose
bajo una encina casta,
en tierra de tomillos, donde juegan
mariposas doradas . . .
Allí el maestro un día
soñaba un nuevo florecer de España.

So the Master has left us !
The light of early morning
Whispered : Why, that 's three days now
My companion Francisco has not laboured.
Is he dead ? . . . All we are sure of
Is this : the path he took lies clear before us.
He said : I want no mourning ;
Remembering me by work and hope is better.
Be kind and good ; no more. Be what you thought me
While I was with you : spirit.
Live on : to live 's your duty.
The lifeless fall, the shadows flee forgotten.
He who leaves work well done is with us still,
And he who truly lived lives on for ever.
Let anvils clash for me, and bells be dumb.

Thus towards a brighter morning
Journeyed the brother of the early sunshine,
The light of all our work-rooms,
The merry old man whose life was perfect goodness.
Oh come, my friends, come hither
And bear him to the mountains,
To those beloved blue hillsides
Of far-flung Guadarrama !
For there in clefts and canyons
The pines are green and breezes murmur through them.
There lay his heart for ever
Under some sheltering ilex,
Where wild thyme covers all the earth, and where
Bright butterflies are playing . . .
For there one day the Master
Lay dreaming Spain would rise again to greatness.

Don Manuel Machado is more accomplished than his younger brother, though his earlier work suffers a little from once having been very modern and very *chic*. " To the purity of Greece (he says in the ' portrait ' of himself), I prefer the *chic* and the *torero*. . . . Yet rather than be an ordinary poet (*un tal poeta*), my one desire would have been to become a good *banderillero*." This shows that

the root of the matter is in him. Nothing more graceful or more beautiful can be imagined than the movements of a good *banderillero*, or nothing more certain to achieve exactly the effect intended. The younger brother can go rather wide of the mark, and yet accomplish what he set out to do; the elder must hit or miss—but the hits are palpable. His lines on the poet Campoamor are an instance:

He knew the raging sea . . . in its foam,
And the grey hairs on brows which once had glowed with passion,
And the vain ashes of the fire.
Heroism, ambition, glory—
He knew the causes of them, sometimes ridiculous or unspeakable;
He had learnt how poor a thing is the heart of man.
He had known the secret corners of night,
And the thousand adventures of love and death,
Crime and mystery.
And he always smiled on them, as dawn smiles
When it rises from among the shadows.
The shadows will return, notwithstanding,
And hide, in their mercy,
All the secrets of mankind;
But not the glory of the poet
Who knew everything, and forgave everything.
And he knew, too, how to love and to live,
And more, to understand and to smile
On this one, and on that, and on the other as well.

El supo del tremendo mar la espuma
y las canas en las sienes otra vez ardientes,
y la vana ceniza del fuego.
Del heroísmo, de la ambición, de la gloria
conoció los resortes, tal vez ridículos o inconfesables;
supo del pobre corazón de los hombres,
conoció los rincones de la noche
y las mil hazañas del amor y de la muerte,
los crímenes y los misterios.

Y sonrió siempre como sonríe el alba
al salir de las sombras.
Las sombras volverán, sin embargo,
a ocultar piadosas
todos los secretos de los hombres,
pero ya no la gloria del poeta
que lo supo todo y todo lo perdonó.
Que supo tambien amar y vivir,
y más aún, comprender y sonreír
a esto, a lo otro y a lo de más allá.

Like his brother, Manuel Machado has written much in the form of the characteristic *coplas* and *cantares*; they contain some of his happiest inspirations, and are indeed the soul of Spanish poetry. "Coplas are not coplas until the people sing them; and when the people sing them, no one knows who wrote them. And that is the glory of those who write cantares; to hear it said that they were written by nobody."

Hasta que el pueblo las canta,
las coplas coplas no son,
y cuando las canta el pueblo,
ya nadie sabe el autor.

Tal es la gloria, Guillén,
de los que escriben cantares:
oír decir a la gente
que no los ha escrito nadie.

The most musical of his poems is one on a singer of Andalucian songs, a *Cantaora* of *cante hondo*. It has a rush and sweep and melody which are impossible to reproduce in English; its short lines are made almost entirely of the names of singers and the names of tunes. "Where 's Lola?" it begins:

"La Lola,
la Lola se va a los Puertos.
La Isla se queda sola."

Y esta Lola, ¿ quién será,
que así se ausenta, dejando
la Isla de San Fernando
tan sola cuando se va ? . . .

In something of the mould of *Cantares* are the epigrammatic verses of " Ars moriendi," published in 1922, after a long silence. " Death . . . what is it ? There is a flower we see in dreams—and when we wake, it is no longer in our hands. Scent and colour, who could ever describe them ? . . . And a day will come, with no morning ; and then we shall pick it."

Morir es . . . Una flor hay en el sueño
—que al despertar no está ya en nuestras manos—
de aromas y colores imposibles . . .
Y un día sin aurora la cortamos.

Yet his most memorable piece of work, it may be thought, is the sonnet on the *Conquistadores*, in which he returns to the earlier manner of " Museo " (1910) and " Apolo " (1911), poems which are " pictures from an exhibition." It shows the explorers in an ideal light, " Dream-captains of Dream-ships " ; but it is a noble poem, for they were not only idealists, but leaders as well :

Como creyeron, solos, lo increíble,
sucedió : que los límites del sueño
traspasaron, y el mar, y el imposible.
. . . Y es todo elogio a su valor, pequeño.

Y el poema es su nombre. Todavía
decir Cortés, Pizarro o Alvarado,
contiene más grandeza y más poesía
de cuanto en este mundo se ha rimado.

Capitanes de ensueño y de quimera,
rompiendo para siempre el horizonte,
persiguieron al sol en su carrera.

Y el mar—alzado hasta los cielos, monte
es, entre ambas Españas,
solo digno cantor de sus hazañas.

Here is a rough translation :

These men believed, though all seemed past belief ;
Yet found it true. They crossed the boundaries
Of dream, and shores impossible, and seas . . .
And all praise of their valour is too brief.

Their very names are epic, for all time :
Cortés, Pizarro, Alvarado—names
Whose poetry with matchless glory flames
Beyond what men have ever writ in rhyme.

Dream-captains of dream-ships, they knew no fear :
They steered beyond the horizon's circling fold,
Ran races with the sun in his career ;

And Ocean, towering mountainous, now raises
His head between the New Spain and the Old :
The only singer fit to sing their praises.

That is not the work of *un tal poeta* ! It is the *buen banderillero* at his best—and something more.

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

THE later poems of Juan Ramón Jiménez are likely to give trouble to those who try to classify his work, and dismiss it with an " ism." It was easy to say that Rubén Darío was a symbolist, and that he " derived " from Verlaine ; for Darío openly proclaimed that he had been to school with the symbolists, and the name of Verlaine (more, perhaps, than his influence) won acceptance for Darío and helped to make him famous. Many of the poems obviously influenced by Paris—the " Prosas Profanas," for example—seem, if not the weaker part of his work, at any rate the part which is too " eighteen-ninety " to be read any more with real pleasure. Yet Darío knew French well enough, and knew Verlaine well enough, to go below the surface and to learn something of Verlaine's secret of thought and expression. The result was that, through him, Spanish poetry became alive again. The discrete, Castilian muse, however much she might repeat herself, had always had the habit of saying straight out what she meant. But romanticism had exhausted her, while Spanish attempts at a Parnassian movement nearly stifled her altogether. The Castilian Mount Parnassus is the Sierra Guadarrama ; the sacred stream, the Tagus ; and the mountain shepherdesses and " Serranas " of the Marquess of Santillana and the Archpriest of Hita are as recognizably " Muses of flesh and blood " (and Spanish ones at that) as the nymphs of the Tagus in the eclogues of Garci Lasso.

Darío came from America and restored to Spanish

poetry its power of expression ; that power has been maintained and increased by Antonio Machado and Juan Ramón Jiménez. Their attitudes are different, yet both are unmistakably Spanish. With Antonio Machado the " country of the mind " is bounded by the " Parnassian " but austere Sierras of Castile ; it is inhabited by the souls of men like the hidalgos painted by El Greco. Juan Ramón Jiménez lives mentally in a milder climate, in which reality passes more readily into dreams, and the way from the outer world to the inner is more easily traversed. In some ways he is the most introspective of Spanish poets. He has, also, brought his technique to such a pitch that he is able to achieve beauty in exquisite and unlooked-for ways in poems hardly longer than the traditional " cuartetas " and " seguidillas." His recent poems—those of " Piedra y Cielo " and " Ellos," written since the collected edition was published by the Hispanic Society of America in 1917—include one hundred and fifty, only one of which extends to twenty lines ; while many of them are less than half that length. They are a succession of beautiful moments, with no dimension of time :

Instantes claros,
en que, olvidados de las cosas mismas
que están en cima, fuertes, de nosotros,
robándonos, aniquilándonos ;
de las penas del día, que nos agrian
—estrechez, inminencias, desaliento—
y nos dividen, ¡ay ! ;
arreglado, en un punto, el desarreglo
—¡ el bello sol en el silencio solo
de los ladrillos limpios !— ;
se nos salen del cuerpo nuestras almas
y son ellas nosotros, libres, plenos,
y se quieren y se hablan dulces . . .

Al triste enfermo : " ¿ Cómo estás tú ? " Al sano y bueno : " ¡ Qué tarde tan hermosa ! " Al pobre resignado : " ¿ Qué le vamos a hacer ? "

—moments of clearness, in which disorder suddenly becomes order—" the sunshine in the lonely silence of a clean, tiled courtyard." [1]

" Was that voice " (he asks in another poem) " the flight of the brook, heard running as the sun sank quickly westward ; or was it the last light of the dying sunset, that fled away in the water as it vanished ? "—

> ¿ Era su voz la fuga del arroyo,
> que se oía correr en el poniente rápido ;
> o la luz del ocaso moribundo,
> que corría en el agua que se iba ?

These four lines constitute the whole poem. His poetry is, as he says, " lyrical as a distant good-bye " (*lírico como un adios distante*), but the sail of his dream-ship is real :

> ¡ Oh vela real nuestra, junto al sueño
> de duda de los otros ! ¡ Seguridad, al lado
> del sueño inquieto por nosotros !—
> Paz. Silencio.

It is always the peaceful and the silent that appeal to him. Solitude pure as the fall of snow, " a

[1] (There are) moments of clearness, in which, forgetful of the things which come upon us, too strong for us, robbing us, crushing us, (forgetful of) the evils of the day, which embitter us—straits, things hanging over us, dejection—and divide us (from one another), alas ! (Moments when) disorder suddenly becomes order—the sunshine in the lonely silence of a clean, tiled courtyard—(when) our souls escape from our bodies and become ourselves, free, full, and love one another and speak gently. . . . To the sick man : " How are you ? " To the hale and hearty : " What a lovely evening ! " To the poor and resigned : " (Well), what can we do (to help you) ? "

white unbroken glory (to use the words of an English poet), a gathered radiance, a width, a shining peace," a lasting silence.

> Una soledad tan pura
> como el caer de la nieve ;
> un blancor divino, unánime,
> un silencio permanente.

Juan Ramón Jiménez is sometimes described as an apostle of *vers libre* ; but if so, he is an apostle who hides his vocation under his mantle. His verse is not printed to look like *vers libre* ; and the proportion of lines which will fit into no recognized scheme is not large. The traditions of Castilian verse, which have always permitted assonance as well as rhyme, accentual as well as syllabic metre, give possibilities of which so accomplished a technician is not slow to avail himself. Indeed, it might be said of the Spanish poet, as was said of a French contemporary of his, that he, too, has written free verse, but by some magic his verses always end by being regular. They have, at any rate, the certainty of rhythm and sense of repose which make them convincing as real lines of poetry.

Something of the quality of his imagination may be gathered from the notes which the poet has added to the new edition of his work. He has been asked (he begins) to choose those poems which, owing to their simplicity and spontaneity, seemed most likely to appeal to all readers ; and he found that the poems which he held to be the most simple and spontaneous always proved to be those of the most clean and deliberate workmanship. He cannot share the view that failure and lack of discipline in art is an attitude of any interest, and he does not believe in the existence of finished, popular poetry which is at the same time simple and spontaneous : " The artistic finish (*lo esquisito*) called popular is

always, in my opinion, the imitation or unconscious tradition of a cultivated art which has been lost. People, when they begin to think—a mother, for instance, telling stories—tend to amplify the original. The illiterate potter of Triana, decorating his ware, and the woman at Lagartera working at her embroidery, spoil the design if they begin to invent. They do good work because they are unconsciously copying a chosen model." Deliberate simplicity (he points out) is one of the latest products of a refined culture; the primitives are only primitives in relation to history: "There is no such thing as popular art; but there is imitation, and a popular tradition of art." Simplicity, then, is something which is achieved with the fewest resources—a quality of work which is clear, pointed, deliberate, and exact. A poem may be both simple and complex at the same time, according to the thought which it is meant to express; while to say that a poem is spontaneous does not imply that, once thought of, it has not been submitted to a process of conscious purging.

The attitude of Juan Ramón Jiménez towards poetry has nothing strange about it. Its interest lies mainly in the fact that the poet's contemporaries in Spain have lately been concerned with the rediscovery of the primitive monuments of their national poetry, and the collection of ballads and folk-songs; while there has been in some quarters a tendency to consider naïveté as a virtue in itself. An anonymous *copla*, from the very fact of its being anonymous, was rated higher than all the poems of a man whose name was known; and the only kind of music in which an educated man could take any interest was folk-song. Juan Ramón Jiménez has learnt a great deal from folk-song; of late years he has written many short poems of the

form and concision of the *coplas* composed by anonymous, popular poets, and sung in all corners of Spain. Yet he once could think naturally in sonnet-form, and in the form of " elegies " as finished as those early works of his which are printed in the " Oxford Book of Spanish Verse," though that collection is by no means happy in the poems it exhibits to represent Juan Ramón Jiménez.

His way of expressing himself is modern, and has little in common with that of Góngora, the Spanish poet whom in some ways he most nearly resembles. His poems, especially the later ones, are all " moments of clearness " ; memories like the gold of blown sand on the dunes :

> Como médanos de oro,
> que vienen y que van, son los recuerdos . . .

and memories " off the road of other memories, arising suddenly by night like a rose in the desert, like a star in the noonday sky " :

> ¡ Oh recuerdos secretos,
> fuera de los caminos
> de todos los recuerdos !
> ¡ Recuerdos, que una noche,
> de pronto, resurjís,
> como una rosa en el desierto,
> como una estrella al mediodía . . .

Such memories are staves of life :

> jalones de la vida
> mejor de uno.

The poet has a sense of insecurity, rarely felt by the older poets. He is " like a child led by the hand through the world's fair," not allowed to stop and look at anything ;

Soy como un niño distraído
que arrastran de la mano
por la fiesta del mundo.
Los ojos me cuelgan, tristes,
de las cosas . . .
¡ Y que dolor cuando me tiran de ellos !

Dawn is like arriving at a railway-station not his own. The sea is full of suggestion to him. Once in early life he saw the waves as Góngora might have seen them, opening and shutting their silver fans before the sleeping woods. Now he perceives that the land is the way of the body, the sea the way of the soul :

Si, parece
que es el alma la sola viajera
del mar, que al cuerpo, solo,
se quedó allá en las playas,
sin ella, dispidiéndola,
pesado, frio, igual que muerto.

Perhaps the most exquisite poem of the hundred and fifty which appeared not long ago in a collected edition is one in which the poet has caught the moment of arrival in port by night. " The boat came in, dark and black, into the transparent blackness of the great harbour. Peace, and cold—Those who waited were still sleeping, with their dreams warm within them, far away still, and fixed within their dream. Our sail was real, next to the dream of doubt of the others. Security, by the side of dreams made restless for us. Peace. Silence. Silence, which when broken with the dawn, would speak in another fashion " :

El barco entra, opaco y negro,
en la negrura trasparente
del puerto inmenso

Paz y frio,
—Los que esperan,
están aún dormidos con su sueño,
tibios en ellos, lejos todavía y yertos dentro de él,
de aquí, quizás . . .
¡ Oh vela real nuestra, junto al sueño
de duda de los otros ! Seguridad, al lado
del sueño inquieto por nosotros !—
Paz. Silencio.
Silencio que, al romperse, con el alba,
hablará de otro modo.

That is an example of the degree of poetic sensibility which has been reached by Juan Ramón Jiménez.

A POET OF "ARABIA"

A STRAY traveller, even a traveller in "Arabia," should be the last to claim that he has discovered a new poet. I must confess, indeed, that I opened Sr. García Lorca's volume with certain misgivings. I had made the acquaintance of his poetry some years before, in circumstances which were so exceptional—or so they appeared to be at the time—that they seemed never likely to be repeated. I was afraid of meeting it again in cold print. In that corner of Europe to which the poet belongs, poetry, like music, is a thing which is performed. It is read in gardens on summer nights, in surroundings which are like Mr. Walter de la Mare's "Arabia" come true. To understand García Lorca an English reader must begin by saying that exquisite English poem over to himself. He must "descry her gliding streams," he must

> Hear her strange lutes on the green banks
> Ring loud with the grief and delight
> Of the dim-silked, dark-haired Musicians
> In the brooding silence of night.

This is the background against which García Lorca's poetry—and other modern Spanish poetry—is performed. The experience of it, therefore, is a composite experience; the printed page is only a part.

This, of course, is begging the question. A poet has no right to expect you to know his own particular corner of the world. But he has the right to expect you to look at things from his point of view—if you can ; and to assume that you know something of what his contemporaries are doing—especially his older contemporaries. You must try to realize his poetic environment, and discover what sort of poetry he is likely to have heard and read. The poetic environment of a modern Spanish poet—a really modern one, that is—may be said to consist of two streams. There are the " nursery rhymes " and singing games, and the short, epigrammatic *cantares* which Mr. Madariaga began to make known in his " Shelley and Calderon " (Constable) ; and these, in García Lorca's home in " Arabia," people sing to a guitar—not the guitar of national legend, but a guitar played seriously as a serious instrument. On the other side are Rubén Darío and Villaespesa, with contemporary poets like Antonio Machado and his brother Manuel, Enrique de Mesa, Valle-Inclán, Juan Ramón Jiménez, and Pedro Salinas. The field of modern Spanish poetry is wide—wide as Spain and Spanish America itself ; and there is plenty of room for poets to cultivate their own corners of it independently. García Lorca's corner is a place of trees and falling water, of dreams, and children playing.

It is difficult for a foreigner to judge, but these verses seem less reminiscent than many first books of verse. There are reminiscences, of course, but they are reminiscences of sound rather than of sense. The book as a whole shows a certain confusion of style ; and it gives evidence of the search for a natural means of expression which shall be at the same time individual. But it is seldom that this poet writes the poetry of other people's poetry,

or the erotic mysticism of other people's passions; and he never uses forms which have to be filled out with padding. There is a curious distinction about his writing; yet it is combined, as a rule, with an engaging simplicity. His verse is musical; he has a good ear, and he never writes a jingle. Like many English travellers to his country, he is fascinated by what children sing in the streets:

Cantan los niños
en la noche quieta;
" ¡ Arroyo claro,
fuente serena ! "

The children were singing,
In the still, still night:
" Clear runs the river-oh,
Fountains are trickling-oh ! "

You feel that he would have given anything to have been the only begetter of a real nursery rhyme like

Luna, lunera,
cascabelera . . .

—real and magical, because it means nothing but the melody of the words—and his happiness would be unbounded if he were to hear some one singing his own coplas as if they were traditional songs. " Anon." has always been the greatest of Spanish poets; and it may be suspected that a good deal of " traditional " popular poetry did not spring " from the great heart of the people " at all, but was composed by quite well-known poets who preferred to remain anonymous. García Lorca's " Balada de un día de Julio " is unintelligible unless one knows the game of " Viudita." A ring of children dance round the " widow," who sings:

Yo soy la viudita
del conde Laurel,
que quiero casarme
no tengo con quien.

Oh, I am a widow,
The Countess Laurelle,
I want to be married :
To whom, I can't tell.

The ring answers ; and the widowed countess, looking round at the circle of eager faces, says : " I choose . . . *you* ! " while she makes a dive for the chosen one, who becomes the countess in her turn. This is glossed as follows :—

—¿ Dondé vas, niña mía,
del sol y nieve ?
—Voy a las margaritas
del prado verde . . .

" Where are you going to, my pretty maid,
All sun and snow ? "
" I 'm going to pick daisies, Sir (she said),
In the green meadow."

—¡ Ay, yo soy la viudita
triste y sin bienes !
del conde del Laurel
de los Laureles.

" Oh, I am a widow, Sir (she said),
In want and sorrow :
My husband, he was the Count Laurelle,
Lord of the laurel."

The Viudita is, one may think, sometimes as good a poet as her questioner. She asks :

—Estrellitas del cielo
son mis quereres ;
¿ Dónde hallaré a mi amante
que vive y muere ?

"The stars of heaven are my delight,
Oh, Sir (she said),
But where shall I find my own true love
Alive or dead?"

—a delicious *copla* in the popular style. And he answers:

—Está muerto en el agua,
niña de nieve,
cubierto de nostalgias
y de claveles.

"Your true love, he lies in the stream, pretty maid,
All sun and snow:
With a wreath of pinks about his head,
And his great sorrow."

It is to be hoped that the poet, as he grows older and disillusioned, will not fall into the habit of forcing burlesque descriptions into poems which are not burlesque. There are one or two indications of it in his first volume, as if some one had told him that all really modern people did so, especially in Paris. One poem, however, is truly burlesque, and will remind English readers of Rupert Brooke's "Heaven," although the Spanish poet does not develop the theme far enough to reach the logical conclusion. The "wetter water, slimier slime" does not lead to that One, "squamous, omnipotent, and kind,"

"And under that almighty fin
The littlest fish may enter in."

Says the frog:

¿No cantas nunca? . . . Ni rezas? . . .
Ni crees en la vida eterna?

"Life eternal! What's that?" the snail asks. And the frog replies:

Pues vivir siempre
en el agua más serena,
junto a una tierra florida
que a un rico manjar sustenta.

For pure music might be mentioned the " ingenuous ballad " of Santiago—St. James, the celestial horseman, coming like one of the Heavenly Twins with the sound of thunder in his horse's hoofs. The ballad repeats the chatter of the old women and children, and makes no attempt to deal with the tribal hero in the grand manner ; and the refrain is :

Niños chicos, cantad en el prado,
horadando con risas el viento !

But the best poem in the book, in many senses, is " Sueño " :

Mi corazón reposa junto a la fuente fría.
(Llénalo con tus hilos
araña del olvido.)

El agua de la fuente su canción le decía.
(Llénala con tus hilos
araña del olvido.)

Mi corazón despierto sus amores decía.
(Araña del silencio,
téjele tu misterio.)

El agua de la fuente lo escuchaba sombría.
(Araña del silencio,
téjele tu misterio.)

Mi corazón se vuelca sobre la fuente fría.
(Manos blancas, lejanas,
detened a las aguas.)

Y el agua se lo lleva cantando de alegría.
(¡ Manos blancas, lejanas,
nada queda en las aguas !)

It could hardly be translated ; but it can be enjoyed without its background of gliding streams, vaulted purple, and the brooding silence of night ; and it is because the magic of Arabia is not left entirely to the imagination. It has somehow got on to the cold, printed page.

POETRY IN THE BALEARIC ISLES

MALLORCA is an extremely well-ordered island. It has all the Mediterranean qualities that could be wished for, but none of them in excess. Order and harmony reign in the houses, the gardens, and the fields ; people's minds are influenced for order by their white walls and solid furniture no less than by the sharply cut clearness of their rocks and fields. A Mallorquin scene looks as if it were made of metal, as if it were one of those precious mediaeval toys in a museum. It might have been put together from gold and copper, with bands of steel and platinum. The olives are silver or steel, the umbrella pines like crystals of a green copper salt, the sea an immense encircling crystal of copper sulphate. It is like a work in metals and precious stones in which the usual arrangement has been reversed, and the metals set in the gem. The regular lines of olives have sometimes been distorted from their primitive straightness. This is not because Mallorca is an enchanted island in Einstein space, but because olives there are older than most olives. In Spain and Italy olives have suffered war and devastation ; they have been burned for fuel. In Mallorca they have known no invasion since the time of James the Conqueror : but that monarch seems to have destroyed very little, and when Algerian pirates landed, as they did now and then until well on into the eighteenth century, they found it more interesting and more profitable to carry off

beautiful children than to burn olive trees. So the olives of Mallorca are often of unimaginable age —thick, knotted trunks and gnarled branches twisted into strange and terrifying shapes, which in the course of ages have turned into something personal, and have the making of anthropomorphic deities. They show strains and stresses, passions struggling to gratify themselves, beings imprisoned in the tree and striving to escape from it. There is Atlas and there is Laocoon; Tantalus, Sisyphus, and Prometheus. There are some which have escaped from their adamantine fetters; and these stand, pursue, or fly in terror. In the olive-yards of Mallorca are the struggles of Titans, woodland pursuits, and the capture of flying nymphs.

It is related of Rubén Darío that he had gone with a lady to an olive-yard, carrying her painting gear. He fled home in terror and incoherence, unable to say what had happened or where the señora was.

"The olives which Doña Pilar painted [he wrote afterwards in a poem which was never finished] are certain and pagan; but they are Christian and modern also. They guard the secret desires of the dead with the wills, the gestures, the attitudes of living men.

"They are joined to Earth, because Earth is flesh of their flesh; they have arms, belly, and mouth with which they strive to read the riddle of vegetable shape and love of the hard rock.

"The groves of the Golden Island they have made a Gethsemane where tortured passivity is eternal; they are a multitude which has been listening to music, or drawing water from the well."

Los olivos que tu Pilar pintó, son ciertos,
son paganos, cristianos y modernos olivos,
que guardan los secretos deseos de tus muertos
con gestos, voluntades y ademanes de vivos.

Se han juntado a la tierra, porque es carne de tierra
su carne ; y tienen brazos y tienen vientre y boca
que lucha por decir el enigma que encierra
su ademán vegetal o su querer de roca.

En las Getsemaníes que en la isla de oro
fingen la torturada pasividad eterna
se ve una muchedumbre que haya escuchado un coro
o que acaba de hallar l'agua de una cisterna . . .

Other posthumous poems of Rubén Darío may have been suggested by the immortal grace of olive trees ; there is the rhythm of Atalanta running, for example :

Corre, Atalanta, corre, y tus rosas al viento
dejen de su perfume la embriagadora estela ;
corre, Atalanta, corre, vuela, Atalanta, vuela,
veloz como el relámpago o como el pensamiento.

Miguel Costa i Llobera, a native Mallorquin poet, saw in the flying, tremulous olives the " Women of the Waters," the subject of one of the few mediaeval legends in the island. Joseph Carner, of Barcelona, has caught the mood of the Mallorquin olives down by the sea. He sees them from something of the angle of Mr. de la Mare, " Like wandering wraiths of sea-mist by the fringe of the tide " :

quan se foren calitges volanderes
demunt la franja rutilant del mar !

" And so light are their topmost branches, they wave with hardly a sigh for the pure joy of looking seaward, and the laughing serenity."

Y es que llurs copes, fines y lleugeres,
gaudeixen sense apenes murmurar
de la gran complascencia de guaytar
limpiditats y bolves falagueres.

Next to the olives come the pines. Pine trees begin where the olive end ; the man who wishes

to plant new olives has to clear pines ; pines grow where nothing else will grow—in backyards, on the tops of mountains, on bare rocks overhanging the sea. From off shore, every cape and promontory shows its nodding plume of pine trees—the " mane," as Joan Alcover called it in one of his poems. From the land the pine trees make a frame for the incredible blue of the sea, or a roof to keep off the sun. When the sun is strong on them they leave, like Atalanta's roses, " an intoxicating wake of scent behind them." Rubén Darío also wrote a " Song of the Pines," " caressed by dawns and birds and poets " (*mimado de auroras, poetas y aves*), and Joseph Carner found a fairy wood where " the pines understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and through their great love bring calm on all their surroundings ; while they tell stories of kings and fair ladies, and the flowers open their blue eyes wide to hear such marvels."

> Els pins . . .
> . . . saben els misteris profons y dolorosas
> y ab llur pietat serenen els àmbits infinits.
> Mentres contant rondalles de Reys y de Donzelles
> els romanins desclouen, sedents de maravelles
> les flors, ells ulls pensívols, tan blaus y tan petits.

Carner, though not a Mallorquin by birth, has almost as much to tell about the Golden Island as any native poet. His earlier poems are full of enchanting but not too obvious sketches of Balearic life ; and there is a curious subjectivity about them, in spite of the engaging candour with which most of them are written. There are the girls of Artá (*Les Artanenques*), for instance, which once more seem to run to a tune of Mr. de la Mare : " O all ye fair ladies with your colours and your graces "—or, rather, " With your kerchiefs and your pigtails,"

as one would say of Balearic peasant-girls, wandering by twos and threes about the roadway, and making the bare fields seem a garden :

> Donzelles Artanenques, sembla qu'us veig encara
> diumenge d'horabaixa, disperses pels camins
> de tres en tres, alegres, girantvos desiara
> donant a les quintanes un ayre de jardin.

Again, his intimate poems of Catalan life are peculiarly appropriate to Mallorca, which in some ways is more intimately Catalan than Catalonia itself.

It was from the poets of Mallorca, above all from Joan Alcover, whose death took place early in 1926, that Joseph Carner obtained his sense of form. Form is the natural heritage of Balearic poets. Alcover is always polished, always elegant. " There remains a gesture " when the sound of his verse has died away ; but there remains, too, a recollection of his concentration, and his limpidity of thought and expression. His " Proverbs " are fresh as when they were written ; and " The Guest " (*i.e.* Rubén Darío in Mallorca) is a noble poem. " Roses are redder where he passes, and the fountain sings with more solemnity."

> quan passa, les roses tornen més vermelles
> y'l brolladô canta més solemnial.

Alcover was followed by Gabriel Alomar, who is, and has always been, the impassioned idealist ; no man has the welfare of his fellow-men more nearly at heart. He has been the searching critic of social and political events as well as the creator of beautiful forms. As the editor of the Catalan Anthology has well said, his poems have a spring of romantic exaltation limited and controlled by an iron technique ; they are like sparkling wine in a beaten silver cup. Miguel S. Oliver, Llorenç Riber, and

Miguel Ferrá are other modern Balearic poets worth reading; and one should not overlook that gifted lady, Na María Antònia Salvà, who learned her craft in translating Mistral and has found the real stuff of poetry in her pictures of country life, such as "Casa Pagesa," the peasant's house, "open like a hand that 's always extended, inviting you to come in."

Volguda casa pagesa,
plaent com una escomesa,
oberta com una mà,
com una mà sempre estesa
que convida a reposâ!

Poetry in Mallorca is more practised than it is with us, or rather practised in a different way. It partly takes the place of music. Mallorquines sing when they are cleaning indoors, or tying up a fruit tree. In the country you wake to hear a man singing as he stands on a ladder gathering figs. He will sing a line, then pick some fruit; sing another line, and reach up for more figs—for all the world like Osmin in *Il Seraglio*. But music in Mallorca (and in Spain too) is a Cinderella who is not allowed out alone. She may go to the ball, it is true; it is her chief function. She may go to church. But she may not do anything for herself, except when she is working in the fields or in the house. She is a handmaid who plays the piano, or the guitar, for others to dance. But the neglect of music is made up for by a devotion to poetry. The various families of young people who formerly inhabited Chopin's monastery at Valldemosa not only kept poetry-books in their "cells"—Shakespeare and Antonio Machado, Victor Hugo and Rabindranath Tagore—but they read them and enjoyed listening to them. An evening at the monastery always

ended in dancing ; but when the electric light went, candles were brought and people read verses. Sometimes they were original, sometimes not ; sometimes in Castilian, sometimes in Catalan. But the audience listened attentively and applauded with discrimination. In Mallorca, when they are waiting for dinner or driving warily downhill in a country cart in the dark, or walking back from Palma by moonlight with the empty cart trailing behind, some one always begins to say poetry, and does it so beautifully, and the others listen so naturally, that it seems the only fit expression for the passing moment.

The Balearic Isles are full of the stuff of poetry, and full of those suggestions which fire the poetic imagination. There are sights and sounds there which seem like some of the more exotic things in English poetry come true. And it is not the poetry which seems wonderful because it is like the island, but the island because it is like the poetry. It is like a place which we have visited in dreams, and have known before, but not very much.

CATALAN POEMS AND BALLADS

About forty years ago was published a little book called " Romancerillo Catalán." It was a collection of traditional ballads from the north-east corner of Spain, from the Pyrenees down to Ebro, most of which dated from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries ; and although the language, from the point of view of good Catalan, as it is now spoken, was often as corrupt as it could possibly be, the ballads had a beauty and sincerity which left purity of language and linguistic considerations far behind. A few of them were translated into English by Archdeacon Churton, and published in his " Poetical Remains " (1876) ; but we wish that Mr. Masefield could be persuaded to try. There is, for instance, the ballad of " La Dama d'Aragó." Milá y Fontanals, the learned compiler of the " Romancerillo," lived in an age when it was still thought necessary to adapt traditional poems *ad usum Delphini* ; he gave a text of the ballad which was obviously later and more polished than others he had met with. He was, however, too conscientious a scholar to hide what he knew, and in the second edition of the " Romancerillo " he printed an *apparatus criticus*, which enables the reader to see clearly what the ballad was in its original form. In the more modern version the " Dama d'Aragó " had become a daughter of the King of France and sister to the King of Aragon ; her coat of arms, even, was brought in at the end. But in the older versions there was nothing of the kind. She was

a girl of Aragó—a place, not a district—she was lovely as the sun, and her golden hair reached down to her heels :

A Aragó n'hi ha una dama
qu'es bonica com un sol,
Té la cabellera rossa
li peta fins els talons.
Ay, amorosa Anna María,
robadora del amor !
Ay, amorós !

She received endless offers of marriage, even from her own relations ; but she answered that she could do better than that. So her father took her to Aragó, and sold her by auction in the market-place :

Son germá se la mirava
amb un ull molt' amorós :
" Si germans no'n fossim, María,
ens casaríam els dos."
Ella ni fa de resposta :
" De millor ne trovi jo."
Son pare se l'en va vendre
a la fira d'Aragó.

There was no lack of bidders ; eventually she was knocked down for a hundred and two doubloons, and the fortunate purchaser went straight off to church with her. When she went in at the door the candles blazed up on the altar ; when she took holy water the stoup was filled with flowers. The chaplain lost his place, and instead of saying, " The Lord be with you," he said, " The Lady be with you," while the clerk, instead of " Amen," answered, " Ah, *mine* shall she be ! "—

Aixís com entra á l'iglesia
els altars llueixan tots.

En prenent l'aygua beneyta
las picas s'en tornan de flós.
Capellá qu'en diu la missa
n'ha perduda la llisso,
En diu : " *Dominus vobiscum* ;
quina dama que veig jo ! "
L'escolá li responía :
" Per mi sí, y per tu no ! "
Ay, amorosa Anna María,
robadora del amor !
Ay amorós !

With such ballads, and tunes to match them—the second edition of the " Romancerillo " printed several dozen tunes as an appendix—modern Catalan poets should have something to fall back upon ; and from time to time they have done so.

A hundred years ago Catalan was, for all literary purposes, a dead language. The last poet of real distinction, Auzías March, was born in the lifetime of Chaucer ; and from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella and the union of Catalonia with Castile, most writers had preferred to employ Castilian. The leaders of the Catalan revival in the 'thirties of the last century found themselves in a very curious position ; though they were living in an age of romantic mediaevalism they discovered that a mediaeval literary language was quite inadequate to their needs. So they set to work to purify the everyday speech, *Catalá qu'ara es parla* they called it (" Catalan as she is spoke ") ; they studied the language as it was heard, in various dialects, in country districts, and sung in ballads and folk-songs ; and before the end of the century they had made it once more an adequate means of expression for contemporary thought. The result is that literary men in Catalonia are apt to pay more attention to technique, polish, and purity of diction than to

substance in the writing or personality in the writer. We cannot say that they are wrong ; yet now that Catalan letters are coming into their own again, it is difficult to accept that point of view to the exclusion of all others.

The Catalan poets since the revival who have seemed to matter most are Verdaguer, Maragall, and Joseph Carner ; to these will probably be added the name of J. M. López-Picò. Verdaguer, in the middle of the last century, had a great feeling for things of the earth, for folk-songs and fairy-stories, for legends and miracles ; and he delighted in collecting them. But his followers had nothing fresh to say until the time of John Maragall, who died in 1912. Maragall was a townsman, a *Barcelonés* to the core ; but he had all the townsman's romantic passion for the country. All his poems, it has been said, seem to grow out of the landscape. He was an eager student of Goethe and Novalis, and also of Homer ; he had a passion for primitive simplicity. He was utterly sincere, and left some admirable verse, written with greater depth and conviction, and with more lyric feeling, than any of his contemporaries or followers, and he also wove a fine dramatic poem round the ballad of " Comte Arnau," which was set to music by Pedrell. But Maragall is one thing and " Maragallism " another. (It is hardly possible to escape from these " isms " in speaking of the literature of a Latin people.) In the beginning of the century a new star appeared in Joseph Carner (born 1884). " To Maragall (says a contemporary Catalan critic) poetry was, as it were, a higher power to which man had to yield blind obedience. For Carner, as for all his contemporaries in the new century influenced by the ideas of the philosophic critic Eugenio d'Ors, poetry is no more than a higher gift of the spirit, which

the spirit might dominate and upon which it might even pass judgement. . . . Maragall wished to be, and succeeded in being, the spontaneous poet, divorced from mere literature, and producing his work naturally according to his own instinct. Carner, on the contrary, represents the cultivated, reflective, studious poet, placing at the service of his personal gifts all possible acquisitions of the intelligence, without being overwhelmed by them."

Besides considerable achievements in the technique of Catalan verse, and a widening of the means of expression, Carner introduces a personal touch of his own. He undoubtedly employs the Catalan tongue with remarkable richness and variety. It is all very exquisite—an " elegant gesture " some one once called it ; but it is always personal and always attractive.

López-Picò (born in 1886) was at first a little touched with the decadent romanticism which comes from a misunderstanding of certain French poets. He soon grew out of it, however, and adopted a severely classical attitude, both of thought and expression, using the smallest possible number of words, and trying to make every one of them significant. The " cerebralism " of López-Picò often renders his poetry obscure and difficult. His work is individual and in a way sincere ; it is a purely intellectual emotion. His " Epigrammata " (1915) was a remarkable book, and deserved its success ; the later volumes are no less interesting. Carles Soldevila is a good deal easier to read, and his verse is delightfully musical. He has been called the poet of water : " His favourite images have a liquid suggestion, and the music of his verse is liquid as well." He is also becoming known as a historian. J. M. de Sagarra is more blunt in expression than any of the others ; but his bluntness

does not, as a rule, carry as much conviction as the decorativeness of Carner or the conciseness of López-Picò. It is these two who are the best living representatives of Catalonia in modern Spanish and Spanish-American poetry.

The vigorous personality of Sr. Sagarra does itself more justice (one may think) in the earlier poems than in most of the later "Cançons de taverna i d'oblit." "L'Heréu Riera" is a gloss upon the ballad in which three mysterious ladies appear at a ball given by the heir of Riera. Presently a message is brought in that the *Heréu's* mistress is dying. The end is vague; but she is apparently cured by a miracle, and marries him. The Three Ladies, of course, often appear in traditional poetry. We wish that Joseph Carner could have tried the theme, in one of those moods in which he used to remind us of Walter de la Mare; but he has become a consul, and taken to writing short stories. What could be more magical—in every sense of the word—than the ballad of the three *ninetas* spinning silk under the umbrella-pine?—

Si n'hi havía tres ninetas
sota'l romaní.
Sota'l romaní á l'ombreta,
sota'l romaní.
Totas tres filavan seta
sota'l romaní.
"Que voleu fé de la seta
sota'l romaní?"
"Pararne una llassadeta
sota'l romaní" . . .

A PORTUGUESE POET IN SPAIN

THE existence of a Hispanic Society, which includes in its scope Portugal as well as Castile and Catalonia, is a welcome sign of the times. No part of the Iberian Peninsula can be regarded as a watertight compartment, cut off from all the rest. To do so is to reduce art and letters to mere instruments of nationalist propaganda; and propaganda has led in the last few years to so many catastrophes and to such infinite misery as to be utterly discredited by this time in the eyes of all decent people. It is cheering, therefore, to find that in Portugal, in some ways the most isolated country in Europe, the scholars and men of letters (including a lady who at the time of her death was probably the most learned in Europe—Carolina Michaelis de Vasconcellos) have realized that their buried treasure becomes twice as interesting when it is examined with one eye on that from the rest of Europe, and more particularly from the rest of the Peninsula. Nationalism is an affair of politics, not of art.

Eugenio de Castro, the author of "Constança" and "Oaristas," has been in Spain a good deal during the last few years. His visits are part of the scheme for the approximation of Spain and Portugal. Professors and students visit each other's countries and make friends with their neighbours. Internationalism, of course, is the normal attitude of all thinking men; and even in the Peninsula, where the various peoples have generally had legitimate grounds for mistrusting one another, intelligent

men have always seen the folly of Spain regarding Portugal as if it were as remote as China, and Portugal treating Spain as if it did not exist at all except as a military nightmare. Spaniards of widely different and opposed views, like Unamuno and "Xenius," have always been good friends of Portugal; and it is certain that Eugenio de Castro, Teixeira de Pascoaes, and other Portuguese who have lately visited Spain, have none of the traditional mistrust of the other part of the Peninsula.

With Eugenio de Castro one can be quite sure that this is the case, because in his book of sonnets on Spain there appears a delicious sense of humour. Now humour with next-door neighbours may be a dangerous thing; especially with neighbours like the Portuguese and the Spaniards, who, in most respects, are the complete opposites of one another, each one having the qualities that the other lacks—the only quality common to both, indeed, being that of courtesy to strangers. Eugenio de Castro, in the intervals of lecturing and reading his poems at the Residencia de Estudiantes at Madrid, wandered lazily through Spain. The result was a bunch of sonnets (*A Mantilha de Medronhos*)—the "Mantilla of Arbutus-berries"—each one dedicated to a Spanish friend and nearly all of them seasoned with a sense of ironical humour which will make every one chuckle and offend nobody. The poet finds himself in Toledo, for instance. Two Franciscan friars with the sun scorching their bald pates, the peace and coolness of the cathedral, a troop of North Americans, the "petrified garden" of San Juan de los Reyes . . . and, last but not least, the iced "Horchata de chufas" enjoyed under the arcades of the Zocodover. Again, another morning of sight-seeing; the siesta; and then the waking to catch a glimpse of himself in the antique

looking-glass of a Toledo hotel—an echo out of tune, as it were, the features distorted ; himself, . . . but himself as if painted by El Greco.

> Visto-me p'ra sair . . . Porém, de lata
> Me parece êste espelho, onde o que acusa
> E do que eu sou, desafinado éco . . .
> Das feições o equilibrio disparata !
> Sou eu, com todo a ar da gente lusa,
> Sou eu . . . mas eu pintado pelo Greco !

In Madrid he pauses in amazement before the new post-office, known from the ecclesiastical appearance of its architecture as " Nuestra Señora de la Comunicaciones." " A New Escurial (he cries) in this perverse Babylon ! A nightmare cathedral of a post-office ! "

> Catedral-pesadêlo dos correios,
> Que em comunhao repartes estampilhas . . .

Then he goes to the Rag-fair in the Rastro : rusty iron-work, crucifixes which have lost their Christs, broken instruments, cracked plates, rags, and all for sale ! An old subject ; yet it suggests a new and exquisite train of poetical thought :

> E eis que me creio, em sonhos, num mercado,
> Onde os pobres d'amor compram amantes,
> Que foram d'outros, e que já estão velhas !

(" And I thought, in my dreams, I saw a market where the paupers in love could find them lovers, that once were new, but now were old and faded.")

This mixture of gentle ironic humour with sudden bursts of real poetry, recalls no one so much as the Italian poet Olindo Guerrini, in the " Ciacola de' Bepi," where he used to show us Pio X. confined in the Vatican and longing (in Venetian dialect) for the beloved lagoons which he would

never see again. The transitions are less abrupt, perhaps, in Eugenio de Castro than in Olindo Guerrini, but the spirit is the same ; and it is precisely this mixture of faint irony and true poetry which give " A Mantilha de Medronhos " its charm.

When, not long ago, Sr. Eugenio de Castro and other distinguished Portuguese thinkers and writers visited the Residencia de Estudiantes in Madrid, they lived " in college." They made numbers of friends ; they talked about their work with Spaniards interested in the same subjects ; they gave public lectures. Sr. Eugenio de Castro read some of his new poems. One of them was called " The Old English Clock," which has now been printed in the " Oxford Book of Portuguese Verse." There is actually such a clock in the Royal Palace at Madrid, which plays an old English tune called " Bury Fair." But the clock in Sr. de Castro's poem, finding itself exiled from a " land of exactitude " to a country where the hours were not measured but passed away in singing, adapted itself to the changed conditions and went on chiming all day long.

INTERLUDE

THE DANCE OF THE SEISES AT SEVILLE

Seville is always described as a miracle, and the justice of the description depends upon something more than the fortunate accident that *Sevilla* rhymes with *maravilla*. With some miracles it is better to accept and believe rather than to inquire into the evidence ; the charm of Seville can, in part at any rate, be analysed and explained. Seville is inhabited by men and women of such grace and cordiality that the motto of the city should be *Pase usted* (won't you come in ?) instead of that which it actually is ; and an accurate test of the Sevillian atmosphere is that it seems perfectly natural to find that choir-boys dressed like baroque pages dance, sing, and clack their castanets in front of the high altar of the Cathedral, under the reverend noses of kneeling minor canons.

The Seises, originally six in number as their name implies and now increased to ten, dance to celebrate two of the most important festivals of the Spanish Christian year. These occasions are Corpus Christi and the Immaculate Conception, and the eight days following these feasts. The dance (during the octave of Corpus Christi) takes place about six o'clock in the evening, after service. The windows of Seville Cathedral, as of nearly all Spanish cathedrals, were designed to let in a certain amount of light but not too much sun ; they are

therefore small and placed high up in the walls. The evening light which came through them brought out clearly the beautiful tracery of the roof, and seemed to be reflected on to what went on beneath ; it was only at the very end of the ceremony that discreetly placed electric lights were turned on to make up for the daylight which by that time had faded. There was enough light to make everything clearly and distinctly visible ; nothing was mysterious or uncertain.

As the dance of the Seises is a musical entertainment which has many of the features of ballet, it is important to realize what the setting is and how the performance is staged. The background was formed by gilded retablo behind the altar, with its little groups of carved Biblical figures in their niches. In the middle of the retablo was a rectangular, projecting canopy. A golden sun, with a large crown on the top of it and projecting rays on either side, was set in a background of plum-coloured velvet. From the bottom of the sun a pyramid of lighted candles descended to the altar, while in a niche above it was an image of Our Lady, with a mitred saint on either side of her. The dull gold of the retablo and the pyramid of lighted candles lent a marvellous richness to the whole so that it seemed like a piece of embroidery, or like one of those old tapestries which are hung in almost every cathedral in Spain to decorate it for important celebrations and festivals. The altar itself, at the top of a flight of carpeted steps, was draped with a white cloth covered with gold embroidery. At each end of the top step was a lighted candle in a huge silver candlestick, while on the bottom step were six more lighted candles in massive candlesticks of the same pattern. In front of the steps was a square space like a stage ; two benches covered

with velvet and gold embroidery were placed on each side pointing towards the altar; on the left were the music-stands of the orchestra. The whole *capilla mayor* is enclosed by lofty, gilded iron railings—the magnificent *reja principal* in front and smaller *rejas* at the sides; and it is in this marvellous and incredible golden cage that the dance of the Seises takes place.

The congregation sat in the square space between the choir and the *capilla mayor*. Many of the women wore black *mantillas* with high combs; others had veils without combs. A rather bedraggled little person who looked like an overworked kitchenmaid came into the congregation with nothing on her head. A policeman immediately went up to her and told her to cover her nakedness—which she did with a large purple and white handkerchief. Every one was fanning himself; men who had no fans used their straw hats. The chanting of the choir behind was accompanied by the delicate, provocative rattle of the opening and shutting of fans. Away to the right, in the south transept, was the queer nineteenth-century tomb of Columbus, its four stout figures of more than mortal size looking as if they had grown out of the kings and queens on playing cards, and bearing between them a little coffin which seemed by comparison as if it could not have held more than a handful of the bones of the greatest and most fortunate of explorers. On the wall beside it towered the figure of St. Christopher like a giant in a fairy-story, with a club as big as a telegraph-pole in one hand and the Christ-child on his back.

The congregation had plenty of time to observe these things before the Seises appeared. Eventually two of them emerged from a little door to the left of the high altar, and began to snuff the candles.

Nowadays the dress of a Seis is more or less that of a page of the time of Philip III.—clothes which Velázquez might have worn when he was a little boy; but the dress has undergone great changes since the dance began. When, long ago, the children first appeared before the wooden ark (afterwards replaced by the elaborate silver "custodía"), they were clothed "with the simplicity proper to that remote epoch"—a bare simplicity which the learned chronicler could not altogether veil, even in a mist of sonorous Castilian. The earliest entries in the cathedral ledgers mention almost nothing but wings and garlands; and these were "enough to express the virile culture of a warlike people, not yet infected by the effeminate customs of the pagan renaissance." These effeminate renaissance customs, however, eventually infected the cathedral chapter; choir-masters in the sixteenth century were instructed to give more novelty and attractiveness to the dance by designing clothes for it. In 1548 the Seises appeared in the guise of pilgrims; in 1556, under the direction of the distinguished composer Francisco Guerrero, some were dressed like shepherds and others like boys who sang in the street. One of the latter had three dozen little bells sewn on to his arms and legs, and another was provided with cymbals. Guerrero, besides being a competent musician, was also a shrewd impresario. He saw that people were losing interest in a dance of angels, and deliberately set himself to outdo the profane dances of the streets; and in these the main thing was, as he knew, the amount of noise they made. There were objections in high quarters to this way of treating the Seises; but it was recognized as being quite in the style of the maestro. The dress worn nowadays at Corpus consists of a crimson doublet with yellow stripes,

and white satin knee-breeches slashed on the outside to show a crimson and yellow lining ; there are white stockings, and white shoes with crimson and yellow laces. A white sash is worn over the right shoulder, ending in a crimson and yellow tassel on the left side. The hat is soft and grey, with gold lace and one side turned up ; it has a large white plume. For the feast of the Immaculate Conception the dress is of the same pattern, but the crimson is replaced by sky-blue—blue, of course, being one of the regular attributes of the Virgin Mary in art.

The two little Seises who had appeared first, began to put the candles in order and, when they thought that no one was looking, lunged at one another with two portable candlesticks. Then they began to arrange the music on the stands. The service was coming to an end, and the organist was finishing it off in innumerable chromatics. Suddenly there was a burst of full organ in broad, simple harmonies ; the two Seises started up and fled like fairies when the clock strikes.

The little door on the left of the altar opened again, and two men in ordinary clothes, with straw hats in their hands, came down to the music-stands in the left-hand corner of the *capilla mayor*. Other members of the orchestra followed ; and when they were all assembled the band consisted of sixteen players. Then priests and acolytes gathered in front of the altar as if mass were about to be celebrated. The two portable candlesticks were brought down into the gangway in the midst of the congregation and set up, in clouds of incense, on a level with the front row. The organ produced a wavering melody on a reed stop of peculiar quality ; the candlesticks were picked up by two little boys, and carried into the choir. Through the door on

the left of the altar the Seises could be seen getting into their places ; one of them rehearsed an elaborate bend backwards and was punched from behind by another. The organist played a few pompous chords in a major key.

The ten Seises entered the capilla in procession, with their hats in their hands. They lined up in front of the high altar and fell upon their knees. Then they came down the steps towards the velvet benches on the " stage " and knelt behind them. A burst came from the organ ; the plain-song ended. There was a faint clack of a castanet in nervous fingers. The organ gave an A, and the instruments scraped and blew for a moment to see whether they were in tune. Then the priests and deacons who had been officiating in the choir passed up the aisle, in a solemn procession of candles and red and purple cassocks, to the *capilla mayor*. Some of the oldest and baldest of them knelt in a row behind the second of the velvet-covered benches, while the little boys, in their baroque garments, were sitting in front of them. Old age was on its knees before youth.

The band played a short prelude. The music changed to a minor key ; the Seises rose to their feet and stood in front of the benches, while the old gentlemen in purple robes still knelt before them. The Seises knelt, too, for a moment ; then they put on their plumed hats. The band returned to the major mode and the little boys moved forward, singing. They moved back again, then forward, then passed each other and changed sides. The music went back to the minor, but became more animated and more rhythmical. The Seises, however, went on dancing and singing in the same grave and dignified manner as before. Now they stood in two lines pointing towards the high altar ;

now they swayed from side to side in two lines across the stage ; now they accomplished a figure which resembled the " grand chain " in the Lancers —and is, in fact, known as the *cadena grande*. Then they stopped singing and began to clack their castanets. The slow dance movements still went on, and the figures—the lines which approached, receded, mingled, and dissolved. The band returned to the major and repeated a few bars of the prelude. The castanets ceased and the singing began again. It was good singing—smooth, flexible, and in tune ; but the voices, like nearly all boys' voices on the Continent, sounded as if the singers never properly opened their mouths. The band fell into a new key and a new figure was unravelled —new, but like the others composed of the same slowly advancing lines—breaking, re-forming, turning, scattering. The movements were carried out in a musicianly fashion ; you felt that they were an unconscious result of the music and not a deliberate accompaniment to it. The castanets began again, and a number of clerics entered from a door on the right-hand side of the altar. The dance ended. The plumed hats were pulled off ; the little boys went up to the altar and knelt in a row on the top step. There was a clash of bells from the Giralda tower ; the band broke into the major key and the Seises vanished as if by magic, leaving two of their number on their knees in front of the high altar. A chorus of men's voices was heard ; before the altar, priests and acolytes paraded as for mass, and the last two Seises disappeared.

The bells still went on, and the singing. At one moment it was a tenor solo, with the other voices joining in at intervals ; at another the band had several bars to itself. Still the bells went on, and suddenly every one fell on their knees. The tenor,

however, went on singing; the band played and the bells rang. An Amen was sung, and the people seated themselves again. The ceremony ended in a confused, magnificent jangle of bells, voices, strings, and organ.

A musical performance as curious and as beautiful as the Dance of the Seises will naturally raise various questions. How long has it been going on, and why are the dancers called "Seises"? Do the modern performances differ to any great extent from those in ancient times, and who wrote the music? Again, are there any other dances of the same kind still existing, and what is the origin and meaning of them? An attempt to answer these questions was made in "Music and Letters" for January 1921.

It would be odd indeed if Christianity, alone among religions, could furnish no examples of ritual dancing, and dancing seems very early to have been recognized by ecclesiastical law. When the early Christians accepted music as a legitimate manifestation of their faith, they formed the habit of moving their feet alternately while singing Psalms. There are stories of monks dancing in monasteries during certain celebrations; and Père Menestrier, who travelled far and wide before writing *Des Ballets anciens et modernes* (Paris, 1682), relates that he saw in some cathedrals, on the day of Pentecost, the canons dancing rhythmically in the choir, along with acolytes and other minor ministers of the divine office. Moreover, St. Pascual, in monastic seclusion at Valencia, expressed the beatific jubilation of his soul by dancing ceaselessly before the image of Our Lady. "His forehead glowed with light, so that a monk of his order, who had observed him and wished to restrain him, remained powerless in his presence, unable to utter a word."

As the primitive religious dances became more developed and more artistic, there arose once more a movement for their suppression. Some one described the dance as a circle, at the centre of which was Satan. St. John of Avila found with astonishment that even the Saraband—the most abused of all renaissance dances—was performed at Seville during the festival of Corpus. Priests themselves set the example, " capering with devout gaiety," as David did before the Ark of the Covenant. Religious dancing was finally condemned by the Synod of Toledo in 1589 ; and though there are rumours of dances having been seen in the cathedral of Toledo itself as late as the eighteenth century, the decree seems, as far as the rest of Spain was concerned, to have been made absolute. Only in Seville did the dance of the Seises persist, and there may be a reason for this. The dances in other cathedrals, Toledo included, had been dances arranged and performed by members of the various guilds, which paraded the streets at Corpus and other important festivals ; they were profane in their origin and dubious in their effects. The primitive austerity of Castilian morals had been somewhat relaxed, and with the spread of Renaissance ideas it had become usual for the dance of men and boys to be joined by women.

The dance of the Seises, on the other hand, had been for so long a Church festival that it was forgotten whether it had ever had a pagan origin. And as it was never danced by anybody but innocent urchins between the ages of ten and fourteen, it is hard to see where the harm in it lay. One tiresome and officious prelate—an ugly and unsympathetic old gentleman, to judge from his portrait—did indeed try to have the dance of the Seises suppressed ; but the point to which he objected was

not the evil moral effect of dancing but the fact that the Seises put on their hats in the presence of the Holy Sacrament. Only Spanish grandees had the privilege, on certain occasions, of covering themselves in the presence of the King of Spain; it was not seemly that a troop of noisy little boys should put on their hats and dance about in the presence of the King of Heaven.

The dress remains substantially as it was in the seventeenth century, though slight modifications have been introduced from time to time, especially by Eslava, who was choir-master from 1832 to 1847. The story that the clothes must always be patched and never renewed—that permission for the dance to take place would only last as long as the suits which were being worn when it was first granted—is a tale with no foundation on fact. The cathedral accounts make it quite clear that the boys have had new clothes whenever it has been necessary. On close examination, indeed, they seem to be a great deal newer and smarter than the gorgeous vestments of the little boys who carry the candles; the garments worn by these urchins, when you see them from close by, look so old and dirty that they might have come down from the earliest times of the primitive Christian church. The ledgers mention a kind of cloth called "everlasting," which was imported from Flanders and worn by the Seises in the seventeenth century, and this may have suggested the story that the boys never had new clothes.

Castanets are not mentioned until 1677. But a hundred years before this, one of the boys played small cymbals and bells, and in 1544 one of the dancers "kept the time" with a rebeck. The figures of the dance are said to be traditional, and probably are so in the same sense as the dress worn

by the dancers—that is, they date from the first part of the seventeenth century, when the dance as it is performed now seems to have been finally evolved.

But (it will be asked) what about the music? For the dance of the Seises is above all a musical entertainment, and the affinities of it are clearly with opera and ballet. Knowing that the dance has been going on since 1508, and that it has been danced very nearly in its present form since the beginning of the seventeenth century—knowing, too, that the choir-master has always been in charge of it, and that musicians like Guerrero and Eslava have held the post of Master—one might expect to find some precious survival of music from other times, preserved by custom and periodic performance, and made more vivid and alive than any known piece of ancient music.

Alas, the music performed nowadays is not earlier than the nineteenth century. In Seville, and in Spain generally, there is little or no antiquarian feeling for music: it never occurs to any one to perform plays by Calderón or Lope de Vega with contemporary music as well as with contemporary dress. If the choir-master were to produce a dance of the Seises with music arranged from composers of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, there would probably be such an outcry that he would never hear the last of it. If he were to compose a ballet for them in the style of Ravel or De Falla, it would appear a far less revolutionary thing to do.

The survival of the dance of the Seises has been due to various causes. First and foremost is the interest which the people of Seville have always taken in it, and the fact that at critical moments when authority was endeavouring to suppress the

dance, the Dean and Chapter stood on the side of the people and against the Bishop. Again, there is the fact that the dance has been gradually altered as time went on, and that owing to the testamentary dispositions of its benefactors, each new choir-master has had to compose new—or at least original —music for it. This has prevented the dance from being accompanied by archaic music which most of the congregation would not have been able to understand ; and musicians, who would give much for the indescribable thrill of hearing the old music made to live again with the movements of the dance in its original surroundings, must admit that it is mainly because the music is intelligible to every one that the dance has survived to the present day. The Dance of the Seises then, like the Mystery of Elche (the Assumption-play performed every year on the 14th and 15th August), is not merely an antiquarian curiosity. It is a survival which has not lost all its musical interest, and one which neither time nor war, nor intolerance nor stupidity, has ever quite been able to destroy.

POTS, EMBROIDERIES, AND FOLK-SONGS

One morning before sunrise I arrived at an ancient cathedral-town in the north of Spain, and stood battering on a great door with a massive knocker, while the sky paled to greenish and the angel-musicians began to come back into their places on the shadowy front of the cathedral. I had come up from the south, from a musical festival at Granada, and was still filled with the recollection of those two summer nights; it was impossible to forget the passionate exaltation of the singing, the profound tragedy of the words, or the sheer beauty of style of the whole performance. I had gone in the expectation of curious survivals from a Moorish past, or examples of gipsy folk-lore, and had found living pieces of music charged with every emotion which tradition, memory, surroundings, and pure musical beauty could give.

A well-known musician had come to the conclusion that the traditional songs were being sung in a degraded style, and he had planned a singing competition to show what the true style was. The competition was held at night in front of the Alhambra, the stage being set up under the trees along the rusty red walls of the Alcazaba and the Tower of Homage. Behind the little, tiled well-house in the middle of the *plaza* could be seen the low wall on the edge of the precipice with a stream clattering over the stones at the bottom; while on the hillside opposite,

the dark gardens, greenish white walls and scattered lights of the Albaicín seemed like some gigantic tapestry curtain stretched from the two tall trees at the corners. At the back of the audience was the noble but unfinished palace of Charles V., while the Alhambra lay somewhere in the darkness behind.

The colour and movement of the spectacle, however, was provided by the audience itself. The ladies of Granada had put on the silks and satins of a bygone generation, and wore them with inimitable grace. Marvellous flowered shawls, treasured heirlooms, had been taken out of their boxes to drape shoulders which even cold-blooded anthropologists admit to be modelled more beautifully than others; while exquisite lace mantillas and crimson carnations seemed to bring back the days of the 'thirties and 'forties—the Spain of Prosper Mérimée and Théophile Gautier, of Borrow and Ford. There had been preliminary trials of the singers; and those who had come, but whose songs were not what was wanted, were paid their expenses and sent home again. The voices of the others, as one by one they mounted the platform and stood out against the decoration of bright rugs and blue Granada plates, seemed to a stranger as if they were trying rather to imitate the sounds of curious wind instruments. Yet the words were clearly audible, and were accompanied by the ghostly but intensely rhythmical twangling of a guitar, played by a master hand. A few stars shone steadily in a velvet sky, while now and then the soft hooting of a little owl was mingled with the guitar and the voices. It was a moment of real musical emotion, the complete and perfect expression of the place and its tradition. . . .

I knocked again, and presently the head of an

aged manservant appeared at a window, and a voice asked why decent men were disturbed at that hour. But he came to the door at last, and let me in.

We sat late over breakfast that day. Through an open window came the sound of children's voices; they were playing some round game (which was partly a lesson), and singing it to one of the folk-songs of the district. The Master was talking about pots and embroideries, discussing them in a way which seemed to be equally true of folk-songs and all kinds of music. He spoke, not as a pedagogue or a critic, but as a practical workman; and his remarks would have carried conviction to any one interested in music or other living arts.

Students of Spanish regional music, like the students of so many things in Spain, have felt the influence of the great educationist and inspiring teacher, D. Francisco Giner de los Ríos. "Don Francisco" was not a musician himself; but in his way of life and teaching he was, like Confucius, "the Master and Model of Ten Thousand Generations." The room in which we were sitting belonged to some buildings acquired and endowed through his influence and friendship; while the fact that the children were singing authentic folk-songs was thoroughly in the spirit of his work. Some time in the 'eighties, one of Don Francisco's friends, Riaño, who had helped to arrange the Spanish collections at South Kensington, wrote a valuable little book in English on early Spanish music. He was succeeded by a number of patient workers who set themselves to the serious study of music as it was sung in the different regions of Spain. Numerous "Albums" of Spanish folk-songs had, of course, appeared before then; but they were, as a

rule, imitations of the real thing made into polite (or impolite) little ballads. To-day there exist reliable collections of the songs of most parts of Spain ; and it is possible to see what form the same tune has taken in different regions, and what are the musical characteristics of the inhabitants of different parts of the country. A few folk-songs are shown to be recollections of plain-song melodies heard in church ; others, on the contrary, principally dance tunes, have been taken up by the Church and fitted with devotional words ; while one at least is descended from a well-known English tune brought over by the soldiers of the Duke of Wellington, " The Miller of the Dee."

Outside Spain, most people would only recognize Andalucian songs and dances and the Aragonese *Jota* as being definitely Spanish. But there are, of course, numbers of other types. The tunes of Catalan ballads like " Count Arnold " and " The Lady of Aragon " are as distinctive as the language in which they are sung. There are characteristic features about Basque tunes, besides those which have five beats in the bar instead of six (these are mainly of the nineteenth century) ; and more can be said about the songs from Galicia than that they belong to a land of Celtic twilight. The shape and line of the melody, the position of the semitones, the predominant rhythms, all have to be considered, as well as the haunting cadences of the Galician dialect. Again, in Galicia and the Asturias the national instrument is not the guitar but the bagpipes ; and though the pipes (like the guitar in the south) have had a notable influence on the shape of melodies and the way in which they are accompanied, the influence of the former has been quite different from that of the latter. The Asturian songs—owing, perhaps, to the thoroughness with

which they have been analysed—seem to lead naturally to those of the adjoining parts of Spain : the mountainous, coastal province of Santander and the upland plains of León and the Castiles ; and it is here that the comparative method has given most interesting results.

The " folk-song revival "—the discovery of numbers of folk-songs which were genuinely English, as opposed to Scottish, Welsh, or Irish—is a definite chapter in the history of modern English life. It led to discoveries of beautiful things, and we are now enjoying the results. It was not the first movement of its kind in this country ; traditional Celtic music, as well as traditional words, were collected at the end of the eighteenth century. But both movements have passed into history, in that we now have the fruits before us—a harvest to be used as the raw material of real poetry and cultivated music, as well as for the study of comparative folk-lore. In Spain, too, there is a folk-song revival—although " revival " is hardly the right word for a thing which has always been alive and nearly always studied. Research in Spanish folk-song dates from the sixteenth century, if not earlier. Francisco de Salinas, Professor of Music at the University of Salamanca (whom we have already met with as giving evidence at the trial of Luis de León), collected a number of popular tunes with their words, using them in an unexpected way as illustrations of the metres of classical poetry ; and these snatches of melody are (as Dr. Burney saw over a hundred years ago) among the most interesting monuments of early Spanish music. Gonzalo Correas included the words of a large number of folk-songs in his book, " The Great Art of the Castilian Tongue," published in 1626 ; as also did Francisco de Ocaña, author of a book of " Songs to

Sing on Christmas Night" (1603), Alonso de Ledesma, in his "Games for Christmas" (1605), and Dr. John Caramuel, who, besides his interest in popular poetry, was not ashamed to discuss the theory of "Spoonerisms," and to give examples of them in Spanish, in French, and in Latin.

Yet in every printed collection of folk-songs there is something lacking—the surroundings, or any real compensation for them. That is the whole difficulty of folk-song: how to make up for the lost background. There was that wavering tune, for instance, which came to you over the fields at sunset; there were the words and music which woke you early one morning, and came from a fat man on a ladder picking figs in his garden; there was that absurd rhyme about one of the first Spanish telegraphs, set to an ancient tune with the semitones in unexpected places and accompanied by a guitar, which electrified you by its daring modulations—in that back shop among the hams and sausages and little casks of spiced wine. These things, the surroundings in which a tune is heard, make an essential part of a folk-song; and no presentation of the words or music can be satisfactory without them. It seems, then, that the tunes of folk-songs are best if they are printed either "neat" and unadorned, or set and accompanied by a composer of a definite individuality, as was done by the Spanish lute-players in the sixteenth century, and by Manuel de Falla in the twentieth. In that way they become real pieces of music, and not merely anthropological specimens. By being written down, folk-song becomes raw material, not a finished product.

The greatest service done by the study of regional music in Spain is that it is enabling the general public as well as musicians to distinguish the false

from the true: to realize when a tune has been contaminated by music-halls, rag-time, and other extraneous influences, and to appreciate purity of style in a native tune whenever it is met with. This was the object of the competition organized by Falla at Granada in 1922; and this, too, is the object of all those who are interested in architecture, or any other art, like pottery or embroidery. "Purity of style, genuineness," said the Master, "can generally be recognized by observing what has been done with those technical details which were used originally because they served a definite purpose in construction." In the Moorish arch (he explained) the square frame had a real constructive value; in later styles it was merely put there from force of habit, and had nothing to do with the construction at all. On the contrary, the little terra-cotta bulls made to-day on the south-east coast of Spain had their legs put on in the same way as the camels found on the site of Troy. Here there could be no force of habit; it was the persistence of a technical detail with an essentially constructive purpose. In old embroideries (he went on) the design was made not by drawing but by counting the threads. It was useless to try to reproduce old work by drawing the design: the only way was to count the number and direction of the stitches. Pots and embroideries were the things which men had at the back of their minds when they built cathedrals; they were the A B C of architecture as folk-songs and dances were the A B C of music. . . .

I found the Master's remarks to be very much to the point when, soon afterwards, I heard men playing the bagpipes at wayside stations in the Asturias, and again when, on St. Peter's Day in the cathedral at Oviedo, they sang a quantity of new Church music together with a sixteenth-century motet.

What he said may not be particularly new, and it may have been heard before ; but when travelling in Spain it is sometimes useful to be reminded of things you have heard before, and may have forgotten.

EPILOGUE

TRAVELLERS' TALES

MODERN means of communication have not cleared up modern misunderstandings of Spain. On the contrary, they have made it possible for superficial English observers to fly over there—and, be it added, for superficial Spanish observers to fly over here—and jot down their impressions of a few days' travel, with little knowledge of the language, traditions, or customs to guide them. The *train de luxe* is not the best way to go to Spain. It is not even the quickest way; for a humble second-class passenger, with all the *luxe* that any sane traveller could wish for, can find himself in Old Castile thirty hours after leaving London, and be in Toledo on the third day. It is only a question of knowing the ropes; but that has always been the difficulty about Spain—alike for the traveller who takes a real train and a new time-table, or the imaginative voyager who takes a big chair, a good map (Stieler, if he can get it), an early edition of Ford's "Handbook," and a collection of modern photographs, like "Picturesque Spain."

The leisurely travellers and scholarly observers who visited Spain in the first half of the last century left a picture which was more attractive, and more like the real thing, than any painted before their time or since. Spain has always been rather a legend with us. It was so in the days of Fanny Burney; those pages in her diary will be remembered

in which she describes the visit of Mr. Travers Twiss, the celebrated traveller, who came to talk to her father about Spanish music. Miss Burney was sure that Mr. Twiss exaggerated. She could not believe all that he said about Spanish women, and as a matter of fact she was quite right; while the "gentle and candid" Doctor declared that Mr. Twiss should never see a tablecloth in his house again. Borrow treated the legend in a different way. His background was accurately observed; it is as real and convincing as the background of "Don Quixote." Borrow's adventures, too, are those of an "ingenioso hidalgo." His "Bible" is really a story of adventure in which the hero is Borrow himself—always saying and doing the right thing, and appearing rather larger than life so that the background has to be made rather larger than life to support him. Meanwhile, Ford realized that a guide-book should be addressed not only to travellers abroad, but to readers at home as well, and he wrote accordingly; while Théophile Gautier joined a great deal of accurate observation to an irrepressible sense of humour. Hans Andersen, on the contrary, is one of the most disappointing of travellers in Spain. His little book might have been written by anybody; only on the rarest occasions does it rise to his level—as, for instance, when he describes that meeting with a wistful little person in the darkness of the Alameda at Granada—and then, by some sudden magic, the whole episode becomes charged with the emotion of a Hans Andersen fairy-story.

The conventional view of Spain also is no truer than a fairy-story. It was originally a French invention, due to the less happy moments of Madame d'Aulnoy, who never could remember whether she was telling fairy-tales or describing what she

thought she had seen in Spain. Her view was exaggerated by ingenious plagiarists of Spanish authors like Le Sage ; by men who ought to have known better, like Montesquieu and Saint-Simon ; by Alexandre Dumas, who fixed the " black legend " of Spain in the consciousness of Europe ; and lastly by the librettists of " Carmen," who, in spite of the protests of the composer, turned Prosper Mérimée's admirable story into something that the Parisian public was supposed to want.

It is impossible nowadays to go to Spain with an open mind. Tourists who boast that they " see things as they are," because they have never opened a book, are blinded by all the old prejudices ; for the only way to see the people and the country in anything like a proper perspective is by sheer hard work—both reading and observation—which alone will clear the mind of its preconceived notions.

Books like Ford's " Handbook for Travellers in Spain and Readers at Home," Borrow's " Bible," and Street's " Gothic Architecture " make most other books on Spain look thin and superficial by comparison. These men encountered difficulties of travel which nowadays would keep most people away ; but it was precisely their difficulties which made their knowledge so complete and their books so interesting. Ford and Borrow certainly had plenty of time ; but they had no ways of getting about except riding and driving, and there are parts of Spain even now in which riding (or even sitting on an ass) seems the only rational and enjoyable means of getting from one place to another. Street, though he could use a certain number of railways, went to the most inaccessible places when he thought there was a piece of architecture worth looking at ; he did all his travelling in short holidays from England, sight-seeing all day and using the

night for working at his plans and drawings, or for going on with his journey.

Books of gatherings from Spain continue to be published every year. They are not quite Ford's "Gatherings," of course. Indeed, we wonder what Richard Ford would have thought of it all. It is pleasant to imagine that dignified personage, clad (like Lord Allcash in the opera) in top-hat and check trousers, finding a parcel of these books waiting for him at the inn on his return from a morning's sight-seeing, fresh from the usual encounter with the police and a sentry or two, and the invariable "hoisting his colours" with the assertion that, thank God, *señores*, he was an English gentleman.

Ford, as he turned over our modern rapidly written sketches of more or less luxurious travel, might well have muttered something about those who "went in for a cheap and easy way of doing that whose difficulty was its chief honour"; he would have thought of his own long rides and the dubious alternative of the diligence. Then as he began to read he would have found that there was at least one modern Hispanist who was a traveller after his own heart. He would have seen that in Mr. Aubrey Bell he had to do with a man who not only knew Spain inside out, but had obtained his knowledge in the only way in which much of it can be obtained—by frequenting highroads and by-roads and inns in out-of-the-way places. Ford, however, would have found Mr. Bell's method highly disconcerting. The *caballero inglés*, who held that a traveller gained caste when in Spain, and that the universal title of "Don" conferred brevet rank when it was applied to himself—what would he have thought of sentiments such as these? "Walking in Spain is never without great hardships. . . . The important point to remember

is that Spaniards are totally unable to understand how any man in his senses can go walking across country for pleasure or interest. . . . But if the pedestrian wishes to be less inexplicable to the shrewd, practical, conservative inhabitants and to make his path easier, he will have something to sell, driving a donkey if his wares are too bulky to be carried on his person (little images or pictures of saints are easily carried). His whole position is then magically different. He is explained, he has fitted himself into the order of things, he has become part of the conventional formula under which life is conducted, and a useful member of the community, instead of a tramp and a vagabond."

That is one way of doing it, to be sure, and it was Borrow's way also ; but it is a way for which few will be qualified either as linguists or as actors. An Englishman in Spain certainly misses those long tramps which he and every one else can do in Austria, for instance, or Norway, or the Black Forest ; though there are a few districts in Spain in which it is possible to tramp, and even a few Spaniards (disciples of " Don Francisco ") who tramp for their own pleasure. In most parts of Spain, however, the equivalent for tramping is riding ; and many foreigners can ride in Spain who would never dare be seen on any kind of animal in their own country. The experience of most travellers in the Peninsula shows that an Englishman is always considered to be eccentric ; yet it is a Quixotic eccentricity, which seems to have in it something ideal or even splendid, something which Spanish people, more readily than others, can always understand and appreciate. So while Mr. Bell has done what few will care to imitate (and this is what gives distinction to his books), most English travellers in remote districts will

prefer to ride. They like to feel that, though they may be Sanchos at home, they are Quixotes in Spain ; they may tether their beasts in a little wood by a stream and listen to the *arriero* dispensing Castilian wisdom worthy of the original Sancho Panza himself, and presently enter a village to hear their own Sancho explain that " the *caballero* is an Englishman ; he comes from the war "—not the war in Morocco, of course, but the one which ended eight years ago.

One can imagine the photographers, and especially the author of " Picturesque Spain," doing much the same thing. He has been in some very out-of-the-way places—the Monastery of Las Batuecas, for instance ; and as his interests are varied and not confined to architecture or ironwork, mountains, or gipsies, he has something to please every one. If he overdoes anything, it is, perhaps, the cave-dwellings. These are, no doubt " picturesque "—sometimes horribly so, in the very worst sense ; but they are things for the anthropologist and the student of social conditions. There are some caves of which the cleanliness is irreproachable ; but a cave can hardly be considered an " ideal home " (in the sense of a dwelling which can be kept as clean as a hospital, with the minimum of trouble), and the only reasonable view of cave-dwelling is a condemnation of it like that expressed by the commission of medical men who lately visited the district of Las Hurdes to make a report.

The most striking things about " Picturesque Spain " are the photographic technique, the sense of the point of view, and the admirable way in which the pictures are reproduced. The author almost always manages to get a really good composition. On the few occasions when he might have done better—at Cuenca, for instance—there were

probably sound, practical reasons for his not doing so at that moment. " If only he had gone a little farther along that path " (some people may think) ; " if only he had got a little farther round, what a composition he would have found waiting for him ! " The reason, probably, was that the sun was on his back, or that a string of goats or asses was coming along the path to disturb him. Photographers in Spain have, some may think, too great a fondness for clouds. The Castiles and Andalucía are most like themselves on those brazen, cloudless days of July and August ; landscape and buildings have a line which is complete and perfect without piles of cumulus filling the sky and pressing down upon the architecture. Yet, when all is said and done, the luminous immensity of the plains of Castile is hardly expressible by photography ; it can be felt more, and realized more sharply than in any reproduction, in the pages of " Don Quixote."

Here, then, we have the gatherings in Spain of a scholar and a photographer. The third gatherer is a painter, Mr. Roger Fry. It is needless to say that when a painter goes to Spain he has nothing to do with the " black legend." He goes to see for himself, and he finds plenty of surprises when he gets there. " There are (he says) many mysteries in Spain besides the theological ones." He mentions, amongst others, the mystery of " the perfect modelling of the brow, the pure enveloping curve of the whole skull," and notes that the owners of these are wise enough not to wear hats. You feel that if some one were to ask him whether Spain were not a country of supremely pretty women he would reply, thoughtfully : " Yes ; I think the backs of their heads are beautifully modelled."

These and other mysteries come under the observation of a painter. Another is the impossibility

of dating objects by their style. The criticism of modern French archaeologists, like the literary criticism of the late Professor Fitzmaurice-Kelly, has been accused of a coldness almost amounting to disdain. Yet this attitude is a natural and very necessary reaction from the gush of an earlier generation and the thefts of a later, which has not scrupled to appropriate the researches of other workers and then to claim entire credit for the discovery of the " real " Greco, Victoria, and Don Juan. A friendly archaeologist encountered at Salamanca was no exception to the French school in his disbelief in the genuineness of all Visigothic remains, though French views concerning the culture of a Germanic tribe are not, perhaps, altogether disinterested. On the whole, it is probably nearer the mark to say (with Mr. Roger Fry) that the crown of Receswinth is " such an incomparable piece of jewelry " as to suggest that the Visigoths might have had some special aesthetic sensibility above all the other barbarian tribes which overran Europe.

An artist has the knack of seizing on the essentials of a town or building, and summing them up in a phrase. Here is a description of Toledo: " The Cathedral produces an effect of height and gloom without space. . . . So vast is the display that one can see no one thing, and the real *coup* is brought off by that wily Archbishop of the seventeenth century who had himself buried in the floor under a huge plain slab with nothing but this—in plain Roman capitals—HIC JACET PVLVIS CINIS ET PRAETEREA NIHIL. In such a junk shop—though of course the junk is all splendid of its kind—that Archbishop becomes the one visible and memorable figure. . . . But in the sacristy El Greco also holds out a definite, memorable image."

Most travellers and writers, when confronted with Spanish art, are inclined to make a gesture of disapproval at the profusion of decoration with which objects are enveloped. The true critic does not disapprove; he explains. "For them [the Spaniards] art appears to be regarded as a means to producing particular states of mind. . . . Their art is religious in that it is evidently intended to bring about in the spectator a certain state of wonder, awe, and mystery, a state which is peculiarly suitable for the inculcation of religious doctrine." The spectator is not invited to look and understand; he is asked to be passive and receptive. What is curious, however, is "that such an attitude should occur, and to such a degree, in so highly Latinized a people as the Spaniards. For the Latin mind is, generally speaking, more objective, more precise, more logical. And, indeed, one feels that with the Spaniards these Latin qualities exist in a latent state; that underneath an art that aims so consistently at mystery there is an instinctive clearness of mind, a hold upon the main relations, a sense of proportion. . . . In fact, the Spaniards were, after all, and all unknown to themselves, formalists."

On the question of "Moorish influence," so frequently held responsible for any Spanish characteristic not intelligible at first sight, we may accept the conclusions of Señor Gómez Moreno on the origin of the "Moorish" horseshoe arch, which was already in use in Spain before the Moors landed in 711. What the Spaniards really owed to the Moors was the sense of a fine surface. "Perhaps no people have ever had so exquisite a sensibility for surface as the Arabs—so marvellous a sense of how to play one kind of surface against another. But then, until the fourteenth century, when their art went to pieces, they preserved their

fine tact—they knew how to keep their rich surfaces precious—how to give them value by the opposition of large unbroken and massive surfaces." The Spaniards, when they came to work by themselves, had in their minds the Mudéjar traditions, but they had not the Mudéjar artist's tact. They used Gothic and Renaissance forms to produce the rich surfaces obtained by the Arab geometric patterns. But this, to a painter and critic like Mr. Roger Fry, " produces a certain want of ease. One feels that one might, perhaps one ought to, look at each of these animals biting the tail of the next, at all these nude putti and floral interweavings, and it requires an effort to say to one's self that they have no meaning except as so much variegation of surface."

Spain as it really was, and is, can only be seen against the background of European culture, with a glance now and then at the culture of Islam. The splendid " junk " which it contains is not really intelligible without a sympathetic understanding of the same kind of junk in Italy or Morocco. It is an advantage to a traveller to have this understanding and sympathy, to have (as a contemporary Spanish essayist would say) Mediterranean eyes which have learned to see. Yet Northern eyes, though they may not be quite so sharp, will probably end by seeing the thing more steadily.

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